HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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IN WHITE STREET. IN FRONT STREET. IN BRIDGE STREET.

IN WASHINGTON STREET. IN CHURCH STREET NEAR VESEY. THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF WILLIAM AND BEEKMAN STREETS.

THE BLOCKADE OF STREET TRAVEL IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 742.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

The Third Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *begins with Number* 105, *issued November* 1. *Among the illustrations are, "What yer Laughin' at?" "The Prince's First Ride," "The Two Families," and a capital front page, by* M. J. BURNS, *illustrating the First Part of "The Surprising Experience of Ben Buttles," by* F. H. CONVERSE. MR. JOHN HABBERTON *contributes an interesting article, entitled "The Home of the Reindeer," with two illustrations; and* MR. A. W. ROBERTS *supplies a seasonable article on "Window Gardening," with several designs.*

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE most striking fact of the present political situation is the universal disposition to vote independently. An illustration of it is the action in Brooklyn in regard to the Mayoralty. As we stated last week, a large and representative meeting of Republican citizens nominated Mr. RIPLEY ROPES. He was supported also by the Young Republican Club, an anti-machine organization. The regular Republican Convention refused to nominate Mr. ROPES, and selected General TRACY, who represented the machine. As there were already the Democratic ring and anti-ring candidates in the field, this left four candidates. The result of a Republican conference was the withdrawal both of Mr. ROPES and General TRACY by mutual consent, and the substitution of Mr. SETH LOW—a gentleman in every way of the highest qualification, and the especial friend and supporter of Mr. ROPES. This is a great triumph for independent Republicanism, and shows that unflinching determination to break the machine, even at the cost of temporary defeat, when united with thorough organization and vigorous and diligent work, will succeed.

Still another significant sign of the determination to overthrow the tyranny of bosses, large and small, was a late admirable article in the *Times* upon the Republican nomination of Mr. ASTOR for Congress in Mr. MORTON'S district in New York. This article points out, in harmony with our remarks upon machine-breaking last week, that in the present state of the public mind the very means which are often necessary to procure a regular nomination may result in defeat at the polls. The reason is that the caucus, or nominating body, very often totally misrepresents the constituency, or electoral body. The professional and often the purely venal politicians nominate, and subservience to their will is the condition of securing the nomination. This deference may be regarded by the aspirant as a disagreeable necessity, and proceed from no ill intention. But the intelligent and independent voter will inevitably ask whether a candidate who thinks it necessary to court the favor of the machine by compliance with its behests may not think it equally necessary to court a continuance of favor by continued compliance. It is a most encouraging fact that it is now becoming evident that deference to the machine may be a fatal disadvantage instead of a guarantee of success. Indeed, one of the worst mischiefs of the machine system is its debauchery of young and intelligent men whom a generous ambition leads into politics, but who find that the condition of present success is wearing the collar of a boss. The contrast between the career and the public standing of Comptroller WADSWORTH, now nominated for Congress after acknowledged admirable official service in the State, and that of some young men his associates, who, in the vain hope of securing success, have submitted to the yoke which Mr. WADSWORTH has always spurned, is full of instruction and warning and encouragement to those who believe in honorable political independence.

The wonder of uninstructed foreign and domestic observers of our politics is that our methods apparently exclude from public life the very men whose service the public needs. The theory of popular government is that the best and most fitting citizens will be selected for public office by the free consent of their fellow-citizens. This is still true of many communities in the country. But the rural republic of a hundred years ago is now merged practically in a government by great cities. The State of New York, for instance, decides a national election, and the city of New York determines the vote of the State. The explanation of the misrepresentation of the desires of great communities is to be found in the fact that the constituency has often no voice whatever in the selection of candidates. Undoubtedly the moment that this is distinctly seen, and it is understood that nomination by caucus or convention is not a law of nature, but an expedient which, upon the whole, has failed, the popular common-sense will provide another method. Its object will be to do what the present delegate system of nomination professes to do, and often does not, namely, to give the nomination to the constituency which elects. This can be readily done, as we pointed out last week, by legally providing for a nomination as for an election. The vote of every citizen should be taken for candidates. The publication of the result would show the real preference of every party. "Rings," of course, could marshal their henchmen to vote for particular candidates, but such rings could prevail only by the apathy or indifference of the great body of citizens. Ring nominations, however, would be impossible where there were active interest and positive preference. Interest in the nomination of candidates would be quite as great as interest in their election. Such a change in the method of nomination would be an admirable supplement to a system of civil appointment by merit. The two would go far to answer the question how the better class of citizens who can not give their time to political management can be brought effectively, and without great sacrifice of time, into active politics. That which withholds them now is not indisposition. It is simply that they can not spare the time, and that they feel it would be a useless sacrifice if they could. A large proportion of these citizens vote at elections. They would vote as willingly at nominations. By a proper legal provision, such nominations as that of Mr. ROPES and Mr. LOW in Brooklyn would become the rule, and not the exception, and the expense that might attend a system of nomination regulated by law would be repaid tenfold by the result.

MR. WINTHROP AND HIS ORATION.

MR. WINTHROP, the orator at Yorktown, belongs to the school of oratory and statesmanship of which Mr. EVERETT was also a distinguished example, and it is a singular coincidence that during this year, which closes the centennial military epoch, Mr. WINTHROP was the orator selected to commemorate the first and the last great battle of the Revolution, Bunker Hill and Yorktown. In the old Whig days when Mr. WEBSTER ruled Massachusetts, and Mr. WINTHROP was Speaker of the House of Representatives, the political prospects of no public man seemed to be more promising than his. But upon the great question which transcended all others, Mr. WINTHROP went with Mr. WEBSTER, and not with Massachusetts, and his political career at once and forever ended. It is a striking and interesting fact in our political history that in the slavery debate, while the Whig leaders of Massachusetts, Mr. WEBSTER, Mr. CHOATE, Mr. EVERETT, and Mr. WINTHROP, went one way, the Whig party of Massachusetts went another. The anti-slavery sentiment fortunately found a young Whig amply and admirably equipped as its political guide. All other issues had been really superseded by the question of slavery. The sentiment of Massachusetts was actually antislavery. But the situation might have been very different, and the result for a time doubtful, if the leadership of the new Massachusetts, as it passed from the old Whig chiefs, had not been instantly assumed by such men as SUMNER, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JOHN A. ANDREW, CHARLES ALLEN, STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS, JOHN G. PALFREY, Dr. HOWE, and their friends. Ten years before the first campaign of the Republican party, in September, 1846, at the Massachusetts Whig State Convention in Faneuil Hall, Mr. SUMNER made a fervid appeal to Mr. WEBSTER to add to his great titles of Defender of the Constitution and Defender of Peace the still more illustrious title, Defender of Humanity. Mr. WEBSTER with cold courtesy acknowledged the kind sentiments of Mr. SUMNER, and regretted the difference of opinion. A month later, Mr. SUMNER addressed an open letter to Mr. WINTHROP, then a Representative in Congress, severely condemning his support of the Mexican war and his general course upon the slavery question. The letter ended forever the personal relations of Mr. SUMNER and Mr. WINTHROP.

Such reminiscences naturally recur in reading the Yorktown oration, not because of any tone of melancholy regret for the past or despondency of the future—for they are not in the discourse—but merely from the association of a distinguished name, and the reappearance of a political figure once so familiar, but so little known to this generation. The oration was, of course, in no partisan or personal sense political, and it was interesting not only in itself, but from the former position of the orator. It contained a comprehensive historical review, followed by a calm and strong statement of certain obvious national tendencies and perils, and an appeal for the patriotic maintenance of the great securities of liberty and union. Among these the orator especially signalized popular education, which must be encouraged and enforced as the condition of all the rest. He urged it as a measure of self-defense. President HAYES did the same, and President GARFIELD in his inaugural address declared that all constitutional powers should be summoned to meet the rapidly growing danger of ignorance. No succession of droughts, or floods, or conflagrations, can be so disastrous to our material wealth, says Mr. WINTHROP, as these increasing inundations of ignorance to our moral and political welfare. "Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education."

Rev. A. D. MAYO, who is an authority upon the subject of education, has recently returned from a tour of the most careful observation in the Southern States. His testimony is invaluable, because it is that of an expert, and not of an amateur. Mr. MAYO says that only the best-informed Southerners have any idea of the enormous peril which surrounds them, and, of course, in menacing them, threatens us all.

"The 6,000,000 of blacks are a perpetual menace to the South, because of their ignorance, and so are the European white population who form a belt about them, but do not comprehend American principles. Take Kentucky, for instance. A third of all the voters can not read their ballots, and three-fourths of the voters of the South can not read understandingly concerning the political issues of the hour. Outside of a few cities, there is no adequate newspaper circulation, there are no libraries, and the people do not travel. And yet we must confess that they are capable of being and doing all that can be expected of American citizens."

Mr. WINTHROP and Mr. MAYO agree that "the South" is not rich enough to deal with the danger. Mr. MAYO says that the people of the Southern States have done more than any people ever did under the same circumstances. He speaks very gratefully of his warm reception, from Virginia to Texas, and urges the passage of the pending bill devoting the proceeds from the sale of public lands to the promotion of education. He advises also the establishment of normal schools to supply trained teachers. "Free governments," said Mr. WINTHROP, "must stand or fall with free schools." His eloquent plea was not untimely, and if, as he said, it should be derided as a truism, it is so only as all great truths are truisms, and this is one which can be disregarded only at an incalculable risk. It is perhaps a triumph of the years that bring the philosophic mind that this discourse of the mature years of Mr. WINTHROP contains nothing which his old leader Mr. WEBSTER and his old antagonist Mr. SUMNER would not equally approve and commend.

MR. BLAINE'S PANAMA LETTER.

THE letter of Secretary BLAINE upon the Panama Canal was written on the 24th of June last, and is now transmitted to the Senate under the resolution lately adopted. The letter states with admirable frankness and firmness the traditional and reasonable position of this country, and it will be universally sustained. The position is that which was stated by the Administration of President HAYES. By our situation our interest in a waterway across the Isthmus is paramount; we have solemnly guaranteed its neutrality by treaty with Colombia, and the guarantee needs no assent from any other power.

As Mr. BLAINE truly says, in time of war we could no more permit the passage of armed hostile expeditions through a Panama canal than over the railways that connect the Atlantic and Pacific shores of this country and of Colombia; and we should take all necessary precautions to prevent an offensive use of such a canal against our interests, whether upon land or sea. The Secretary points out that the United States have recognized European guarantees of neutrality respecting European states, and did the suggested European guarantee contemplate a channel of communication in the immediate neighborhood of foreign states, and in which their interests were necessarily commanding, the United States would find no fault. They desire to live at peace with all other states, as their conduct and the character of their armaments prove, and they claim no more than they willingly grant.

The letter is a temperate and dignified document, stating our position with blended spirit and courtesy and decision. It is capitally adapted to meet any such proposition as a joint European protectorate, had it been advanced. But whether the project was merely a tentative rumor or a design seriously entertained, the letter has sufficed to arrest it, and it is another illustration of the skill and ability with which Mr. BLAINE has managed the department confided to him. He has what may be called the American instinct, an essential quality in our Foreign Secretary, yet restrained in its official expression by an equally American tact and good sense.

CABINET CHANGES.

THE President's nomination of Mr. MORGAN as Secretary of the Treasury was received with general satisfaction, not only because of his peculiar fitness for the position, but because of the political significance of the selection. Mr. MORGAN is a man of conservative views, moderate and conciliatory, and in the stormy politics of New York he has occupied a middle position. His nomination showed that the President took a large and wise view of the situation.

This view is confirmed by the nomination of Chief Justice FOLGER, of New York. Judge FOLGER has been long in public life, although long out of politics, and his ability is unquestionable. His natural tastes are perhaps more positively political than judicial, and while he was in the Senate of the State, and in the Constitutional Convention of 1867–68, he was the Republican leader. He is a man of positive convic-

tions and sturdy force of character, but he has not been conspicuously identified with either wing of the party in New York. His peculiar fitness for the Treasury must be demonstrated by his administration, but presumptively he will be an able and independent Secretary, and politically his selection by the President is wise. The choice both of Mr. MORGAN and of Mr. FOLGER shows that President ARTHUR is inclined to pursue the moderate and conciliatory course upon which President GARFIELD had entered, and which he would undoubtedly have pursued with perfect firmness.

The renomination of Mr. JAMES does not necessarily mean, as we wish it did, the continuance of that gentleman in the cabinet. It disposes of the legal doubt about the expiration of his term, but it is understood that the Postmaster-General will not permanently remain. It would be a misfortune that Mr. JAMES and Mr. MACVEAGH should be replaced by mere politicians. Mr. HOWE is generally supposed to be selected for the Attorney-Generalship. He is a man of excellent abilities and of long public experience. But the general impression of his public career is not that of a statesman or of a progressive political leader, but of a steady-going partisan, ready to take a brief for the caucus on the shortest notice. His latest political appearances were as the opponent of the HAYES administration, and the author of an extraordinarily adulatory article upon General GRANT. Of entire personal probity and amiability of nature, he would yet feel so strongly the desirability of protecting the party that it would be only natural to expect from him a lenient mind toward official offenders of perfectly "regular" party conduct. Mr. HOWE we should suppose to be one of those who would dislike exceedingly to make trouble within the party, and he would certainly disagree with us in thinking that the willingness to make trouble when necessary is the spirit which maintains the party ascendency. His influence in the cabinet would naturally tend to the maintenance of the *statu quo ante*—a tendency which will hardly suffice to secure continued Republican dominance. The indispensable condition for that result is that the close of this administration shall find the party firmly planted upon the right side of the new questions.

FRIENDLY FRANCE.

WHILE we have been renewing at Yorktown the old friendly feeling between France and the United States, the good work has been also prosecuted in Paris. The colossal statue of Liberty by BARTHOLDI, which it is proposed to erect in the bay, and of which a model of the huge arm that is to bear aloft a torch is to be seen at Madison Square, is nearing completion, and the ceremony of riveting the parts has just taken place in Paris in presence of a company of French and Americans.

Our Minister, Mr. MORTON, drove the first rivet, and made an appropriate address, and the choice of the French citizen to respond was exceedingly happy, for it was Mr. LABOULAYE, who is to-day the one Frenchman, as LAFAYETTE was a hundred years ago, who is especially known by his friendship for America. He spoke of "the sacred friendship" which had not changed, and of which the statue was a fitting memorial. There is probably more "sentiment" in the relations of France and the United States than in those of any other countries, and the statue will be not only unique in itself, but the memorial of a purely sentimental international friendship.

THE WILLIS JAMES DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

THE drinking fountain which was depicted in our last week's issue was presented by the generous donor, Mr. D. WILLIS JAMES, to the city on the day the paper appeared. Mr. JAMES made a few simple and modest remarks, to which Mayor GRACE happily responded. Professor CORNING, in an interesting address, told the story of the gift, and Rev. Dr. HITCHCOCK, in a few trenchant sentences, pointed the moral of the occasion. It was altogether a graceful and interesting event, and furnishes another illustration—of which New York has furnished so many—of the thoughtful public generosity which springs from the consciousness of rich men that they are but stewards and almoners of a bounty for which they must account.

NEW YORK COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

THE New York County Republican Convention have nominated District Attorney ROLLINS for Surrogate, and ex-Senator GEORGE H. FORSTER for District Attorney. They are both admirable selections, and the city would be very fortunate should both be elected. Mr. ROLLINS's official service in his present position is the guarantee of his skillful and satisfactory administration as Surrogate, while Mr. FORSTER's ability, inflexible integrity, courage, and independence especially qualify him for the District Attorneyship. It is by such nominations that a party commends itself to public confidence.

CHARITY MADE EASY.

THE Book and Newspaper Committee of the State Charities Aid Association renew their appeal to the public to help them in their most simple and useful charity. They make the way of virtue very smooth by offering the Good Samaritan the chance both of eating his cake and having it. He may read his newspaper or magazine, and having enjoyed his money's worth, he may drop it in the committee's box at the ferries and railroad stations, or send it to the rooms at 6 East Fourteenth Street, and add to his enjoyment the consciousness of aiding a wise charity. A happier device could not be imagined. Instead of lighting a fire with his morning or evening paper, he may light the darkness of a sick-room, and cheer the solitary heart of suffering. What the committee especially desire are fresh newspapers, magazines, and illustrated papers. Pleasant books also they would gladly receive, which may be sent as we have said. But if the morning travellers to town by boat or train will look around upon their arrival, or ask some attendant, they will find the convenient box into which they can drop their papers, and secure a blessing.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

AMONG the many beautiful holiday cards, which are of every kind and value, none are more striking and interesting than those engraved in steel line by Mr. JOHN A. LOWELL, of Boston. During the recent astonishing development of the art of wood-engraving, in which HARPER'S MONTHLY led the way and has borne so important a part, the sister art of steel lines has fallen somewhat out of public notice; but it has been quietly pushed forward, and in a manner which has been much and advantageously affected by the singular breadth and freedom of effect possible to engraving upon wood. This is very evident in many of the delicate and airy fancies produced by Mr. LOWELL's artists in the pretty Christmas cards, which enable everybody in a graceful and pleasant way to wish merry Christmas and happy New-Year to everybody else.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF LAFAYETTE.

GENERAL FRANCIS J. LIPPITT has written an interesting letter to General SHERMAN describing the funeral of LAFAYETTE, at which in his youth he was present. General LIPPITT and the American Consul, DUNSCOMBE BRADFORD, were the only spectators not of the LAFAYETTE family who witnessed the actual burial. There were one hundred thousand soldiers in line, and it was feared that there would be an attempt to seize the body and make a political demonstration, as at the burial of General LAMARQUE in 1832. This movement was attempted in the Place Vendôme by five thousand law and medical students carrying republican flags and raising republican cries. The infantry escort at the bayonet charge and a dash of cavalry dispersed the mob, with some killed and wounded. At three other points upon the march the effort was renewed and repulsed. At the cemetery a wide breach had been made in the wall to admit the field battery that was to fire the salute.

General LIPPITT continues:

"On arriving at the gate, we found that no one was to be admitted but the LAFAYETTE family and the pall-bearers; but as BRADFORD and myself were in citizens' dress, and walking directly behind the relatives of the deceased, we were supposed to constitute a part of the family, and passed in with them. The coffin was placed on a slab in the centre of the paved area forming the entrance into the cemetery, and after a few prayers said over it by a priest, was carried into the cemetery and placed by the side of the newly opened grave, which was next to the grave of the General's wife. GEORGE WASHINGTON LAFAYETTE stood on one side of the grave, and the General's old family steward on the other, and I stood at the foot of the grave, between them. The steward held in his hand the General's silver epaulets of Commander-in-chief of the National Guard, which were to be buried with him. GEORGE WASHINGTON LAFAYETTE asked him, in a low voice, to hand them to him. But the venerable old man, overwhelmed with grief, did not hear him, and I gently took them from his hand and passed them to the General's son. It was said, I know not with what truth, that the coffin was buried in some American soil which the General had brought over with him from the United States in a cask for this very purpose."

This is an interesting last glimpse of the friend of America, who is not less honored to-day than he was a hundred years ago.

TRELAWNEY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

You ask for something about TRELAWNEY, and I can send you a record of a mere glimpse of him. I saw him in Charleston in February, 1832. That winter was memorable in the South for the attempt of South Carolina to nullify the laws of the United States, and to secede from the Union, which she might have done if Georgia would have joined her. I passed that winter in Augusta; the air was full of rumors of war. Threats were made of attacking the barracks at Augusta. In February a large crowd of us went down to Charleston on horseback to attend the races. Previous to the building of railroads, journeys in the South were usually made in the saddle. The railroad from Charleston to Hamburg, opposite Augusta, was then building, and passenger trains ran twelve miles out of Charleston—queer-looking coaches built in England, as were the engines also. Our party of horsemen encountered the train in the woods, and as neither men nor horses had ever seen that sight, they were of course much alarmed, and most of the horses bolted into the woods. Proceeding on, we came to the wreck of a cotton wagon, the mules having run away, and left the owner sitting among the ruins. As we approached to offer help, he said, "I've often hearn tell of nullification, and now I've seen it."

A few miles further we overtook a caravan of wild beasts going to the city, the elephant marching in the rear. When, with great difficulty, we had forced our nags past this monster, the lions and tigers in the cages began to roar and growl, and the nerves of our horses, badly shaken before by the shriek of the locomotive, now gave way, and they broke again for the woods.

Charleston was full of strangers, the leaders of the nullification movement having invited all the notables of the neighboring States to meet in council. They could not, however, induce the Georgians to join. Either the Union sentiment was stronger in that State, or there was a wholesome fear of General JACKSON in men's minds.

The races lasted most of the week, and there were balls and parties every night. A great match race was to be run between the gray mare Bonnets of Blue, belonging to Colonel WILLIAM R. JOHNSON, of Virginia, and Colonel SINGLETON's chestnut mare Clara Fisher, a South Carolina nag. Each was the champion of her State, bets ran high, and great was the excitement. On the course that day was to be seen all the beauty and fashion of Charleston. Conspicuous were Colonel ACHILLE MURAT, of Florida, son of the King of Naples, a very tall, fat man, driving four-in-hand; Captain TRELAWNEY on horseback, a tall, soldierly-looking man of forty years; Colonel W. R. JOHNSON, called the "NAPOLEON of the Turf," on a sorry beast, although owner of the finest stud of horses in America, roughly dressed, and wearing the old white hat well known on all race-courses. His mare won the race in two straight heats of four miles, run in 7.45, then considered very fast time, and the crowd of Judges, Governors, Generals, and M.P.s from old Virginia were in ecstasies.

After all, this is only a glimpse of TRELAWNEY, but perhaps the reminiscences of those fateful days in South Carolina fifty years ago may not be without interest. The serpent of secession was scotched, not killed, and lived to rear its horrid head thirty years afterward.

S. C. C.

MARIETTA, GEORGIA, *October* 3, 1881.

PERSONAL

THE traditional divinity that was supposed to have hedged royalty does not seem to have any abiding hold on the Briton of today, judging by the tone of society journals like London *Truth*, edited by HENRY LABOUCHERE, Esq., M.P., part proprietor of the London *News*—a man of wealth, talent, and position. In a recent number of *Truth* he says: "Since the Princess LOUISE suddenly returned from Canada with Prince LEOPOLD, about fourteen months ago, she has passed a very pleasant time, receiving her friends at Kensington, staying with them in the country, and diverting herself with occasional trips abroad. A Canadian friend tells me that on the Princess's birthday Lord LORNE telegraphed to a high official in the Queen's household, requesting him to convey his congratulations to H. R. H., and explaining that he could not send the message direct, as he was not acquainted with the Princess's address."

—The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER has relinquished his editorial relation to *The Christian Union*, and the Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., has assumed the editorial control of that paper. Mr. ABBOTT has been connected with *The Christian Union* for several years past, and to his energy, experience, and literary ability it is largely indebted for the high position which it holds among the religious papers of this country. In passing over to Mr. ABBOTT the entire control of the paper, the late editor pays a deserved tribute to his successor, and only reflects the confidence of the readers of *The Christian Union* in predicting for the paper, under his management, a career even still more prosperous and useful than it has had in the past.

—The Rev. Dr. MCCOSH is a grateful Scot. He says that his new stone residence at Princeton is the finest allotted to any college president in this or any other country.

—Superintendent FAIRMAN, of the Insurance Department of this State, is not only an editor, and therefore a fair man on general principles, but has an editor's eye for "the eternal fitness of things." In refusing to permit the Littletown (Pennsylvania) Mutual Relief Association to do business in this State, he says that he "can not entertain the proposition of any life-insurance association that insures people from fifteen to eighty-eight years of age."

—President *pro tem.* DAVID DAVIS, the wealthiest member of the Senate ($2,000,000), is said to possess such equanimity of temper that he wrote some of his most noted judicial opinions when his office was filled with tenants, whose questions he answered without ceasing to write. The avoirdupois of Senator D. is about one-sixth of a ton.

—The will of the late E. B. MORGAN was admitted to probate at Auburn, New York, on October 22. Its public bequests are as follows: To the Presbyterian church, Aurora, $1000; the fourth clause calls for the return of $10,000 given to Wells College May 2, 1881, and gives to the trustees of Wells College $100,000, in the same trust, however, and upon the same conditions as to expenditures of the income only and keeping the principal intact, as accompanied the gift of $100,000 to the college made August 12, 1873, the two sums to be united, and to be known as the Morgan Fund; to RICHARD MORGAN, a brother, $20,000; to C. B. MORGAN, a nephew, and FRANCES A. BENSON, a niece, the interest of $10,000; to C. B. MORGAN, the store in Aurora; to HENRY A. MORGAN and N. L. ZABRISKIE, all lands in Michigan; to LOUISE M. ZABRISKIE, the residence and other property; to N. L. ZABRISKIE, $25,000; to H. A. MORGAN, $10,000 and certain real estate. The remainder of the estate, real and personal, to HENRY A. MORGAN and LOUISE M. ZABRISKIE, share and share alike.

—Mr. JENNINGS, in his last London letter to the *World*, alluding to the Yorktown celebration, says that when London was *en fête* on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, a cockney publican announced in his window: "A sandwich and a glass of ale for 3*d*. God bless them both!" Such is the vivacity of the British character.

—Baron HAYMERLE, the late Austrian Premier, was an exceptionally fine linguist, speaking ten languages fluently.

—It is said that during the coming winter President ARTHUR's household will be presided over by an unmarried sister.

—The $2,500,000 given in 1862 by the late GEORGE PEABODY as a fund for building lodging-houses for the poor in London has been so judiciously invested and managed that it now amounts to $3,600,000.

—The constant industry of the late Dr. J. G. HOLLAND was one of his marked characteristics. While associate editor of the Springfield *Republican* he wrote half the editorials, did reporting when occasion required, and generally had a serial story on hand, besides delivering his lectures, which were in great demand. He was connected with the *Republican* for seventeen years.

—Concerning the speech-making peculiarities of Senators, it is said that EDMUNDS and HILL never use notes, and that the former is said never to have revised a speech during his service. BAYARD works at his speeches, writes them out, and carefully revises proof. LAMAR is a great reviser, and occasionally goes down to the government printing-office to look after the proofs. VOORHEES prepares his speeches carefully, and revises moderately. JONES, of Florida, a hard student, labors diligently at a set speech. BECK is the most rapid talker in either House, an untiring worker, not much of a reviser, and as good-natured as Mark Tapley.

—The widow of ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, the founder of the denomination to which General GARFIELD belonged, is still alive, and is a striking-looking woman of eighty. Her hair is black, her eyes bright, and her mental activity remarkable. She is now engaged on a volume of reminiscences of her husband.

—Mrs. JAMES SPURGEON, who died in London last month, was a daughter of the late Field-Marshal Sir JOHN BURGOYNE, and a granddaughter of General JOHN BURGOYNE, who commanded the British forces at Saratoga in 1777. The Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, at her funeral, paid a high tribute to her character.

—This pleasant and characteristic anecdote of the late President GARFIELD is related by a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*. At Elberon, a few days before the President was shot, he said to Dr. BOYNTON, who had been attending Mrs. GARFIELD during her dangerous illness: "SILAS, you have rendered me a service which I can never repay. I am not going to ask you for the amount of your bill, but I am going to have my own way in this matter, and insist that you accept this check." It was filled out for a sum not to be counted by hundreds. "You have had your own way, JAMES," replied Dr. BOYNTON; "now I will have mine. I shall not accept a cent of this money. I am only too happy to have been of service to you and yours." The President told this story to the gentleman who relates it, while riding to the Soldiers' Home, near Washington. His eldest son, HENRY, sat on the front seat of the carriage. Turning to him, the President said, "HARRY, I want you to remember your uncle SILAS as long as you live."

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

The Lincoln home at Springfield, Illinois, was built in 1846 by the Rev. Charles Dusou, who, in 1842, performed the marriage ceremony between Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd. Mr. Lincoln bought the house soon after it was built. It was a story-and-a-half cottage, and during one of Mr. Lincoln's trips from home, Mrs. Lincoln, as a surprise to him, had it run up to a full story, which so improved it that on his return Mr. Lincoln did not recognize the

THE LINCOLN HOME.

place. In front of the cottage there still stands an elm-tree planted by this illustrious man. When he became President, the little homestead was neglected, and fell into decay. It has now, however, been put into habitable order, and painted white. Its original color was brown.

Being curious to see the law office of the firm of Lincoln & Herndon, the writer hunted it up. It was only a plain little room, but a tender recollection hangs around it, for up and down that room the young lawyer paced in his sorrow over the death of his first love, Anna Rutledge.

When Mr. Lincoln was studying law he resided some distance from Springfield. On his way to the city he had to pass through the small village of Petersburg, about fifteen miles from the capital. He used to ride a stubby white horse. He cut a funny figure, for he used to take off his shoes and stockings, and tie them on to the back of the horse. With a book in his hand, his pantaloons rolled well up, and his long bare legs dangling over the sides of the horse, he was totally unconscious of the amusement he afforded the village children. One day the father of one of them caught them laughing, and said, gravely: "Children, do not make fun of that man. He is very talented, and you will live to see that he will make a mark in the world."

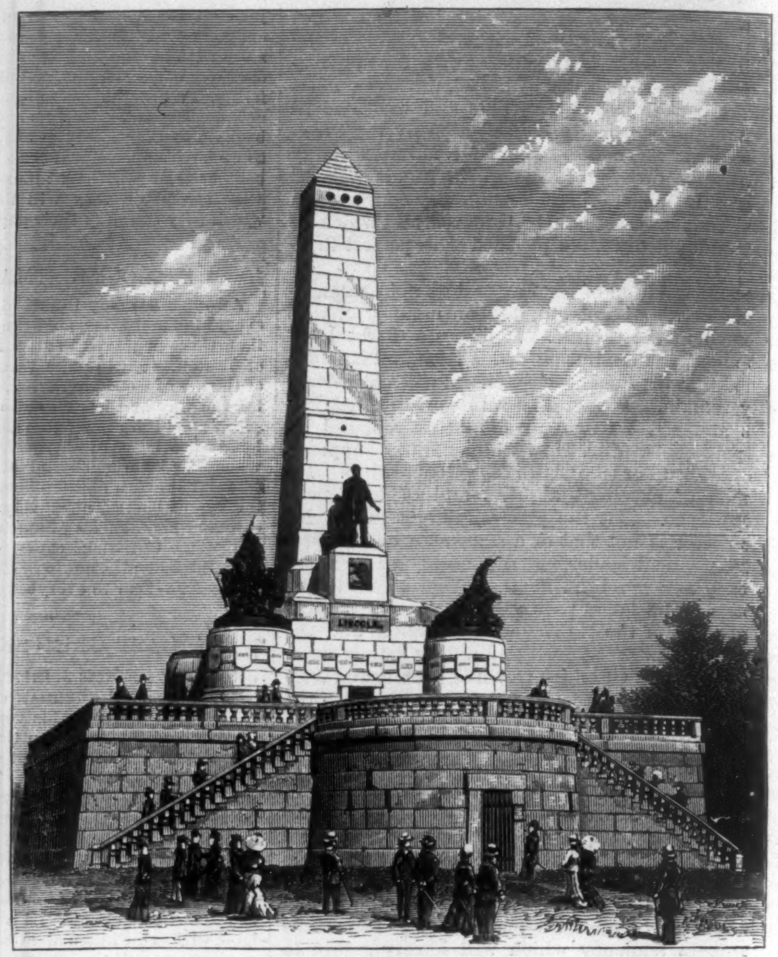
One of those children, a little girl, when grown to womanhood, was one of the multitude who pressed forward to see his body as it lay in state, and as she bent over the coffin, there flashed back upon her memory the recollection of the barefoot youth whose early days contained so much of hardship. Her father's prediction had been verified indeed.

Mr. Lincoln's statue is a work of art. It stands eleven feet in height. Beneath the statue is the coat of arms of the United States. This statue was erected at the cost of $13,700. At each corner of the shaft a circular pedestal ten feet in diameter rises to the height of twelve feet. Two of these pedestals are surmounted by groups of statuary in bronze, one representing the Army, the other the Navy. When finished, there will be groups of the Cavalry and of the Artillery.

Oak Ridge Cemetery derives its name from a forest of oaks, and is situated about two miles north of the capital. Here lie the remains of President Lincoln. They repose in a catacomb with an arched ceiling, and a marble floor twelve feet square. Upon one end of the sarcophagus is carved a wreath of oak leaves, surrounding the name Lincoln, and outside of the wreath are the memorable words, "With malice toward none; with charity for all."

Two crypts contain the remains of Mr. Lincoln's deceased children, and those yet unoccupied are designed for the remaining members of his family. Mrs. Lincoln has often been heard to say that she will never be buried there.

Memorial Hall is a room in the monument, twenty-four by thirty-two feet, and is designed for the reception of memorials of Abraham Lincoln. Among those preserved there is a block of stone taken from a wall of Rome built during the reign of Servius Tullius, and which was sent to the President by some Roman patriots. The inscription is in Latin, of which the following is a translation: "To Abraham Lincoln, President for the second time of the American republic, the citizens of Rome present this stone from the wall of Servius Tullius, by which the memory of those brave asserters of liberty may be associated. Anno 1865."



THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

IN THE SOUTH OF HOLLAND.

The scenery of Dutch Brabant has, of course, nothing grand or strikingly romantic about it, but in parts it is well wooded, and recalls to one's mind the pictures of Hobbema. Rivers and canals abound, but, as a rule, the land is less flat and the landscape rather less monotonous than in other parts of Holland. There is a good deal of heath, and one or two large dismal morasses, but, on the whole, the country is not uninteresting.

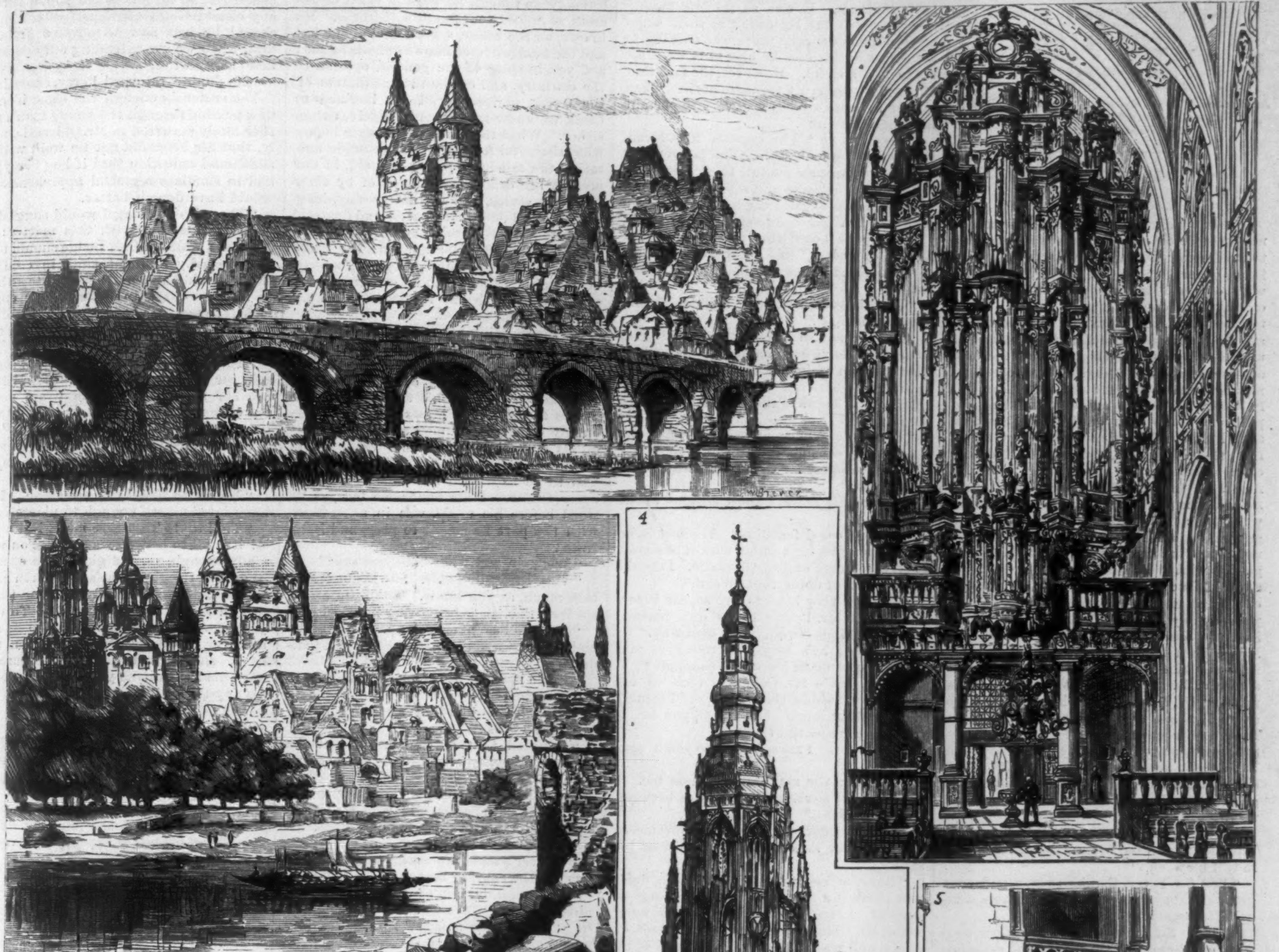
The inhabitants in general are homely, industrious, and, as far as our experience goes, remarkably honest; the upper classes rather reserved, but most refined in their manners, and exceedingly handsome. We suppose the ladies here must have inherited their dark eyes and hair and their slim graceful figures from the Spanish settlers, but their brilliant complexions and delicate skin must have come to them from their Northern ancestors. The most important towns in Dutch Brabant are Bergen-op-Zoom, in the extreme west, Bois-le-Duc, in the north, and Breda, near the centre of the province.

Bergen-op-Zoom is an interesting though rather dull old town, about two miles from the East Scheldt. It contains a vast old church, of a plan not uncommon in Holland, the nave, choir, and transepts all being the same length. Like most of the old Dutch churches, it is exceedingly plain, and ceiled with a wooden barrel vault, devoid of ribs or ornament of any kind. The nave alone is used as a Protestant church. The old gate is a picturesque object.

Breda is rather prettily situated upon the river Merk, where the Byloor falls into it. The view of the town from the banks of either of these rivers is very striking. The combination of architecture, trees, ships, and water is thoroughly Dutch. The Protestant Cathedral is one of the finest churches in Holland. It has a noble tower nearly 370 feet high; formerly it was still more lofty, but the upper portion, which consisted of two open lanterns of stone, placed one above the other, was destroyed by lightning at the end of the seventeenth century, and the present bulb-shaped steeple erected in its place. The church is rich in monuments. That erected to the memory of Englebert the First and John of Nassau is a remarkably rich and intricate example of late Gothic work. In the choir are sev-

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT—THE ARMY.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT—THE NAVY.



1. The Old Bridge at Maestricht. 2. Maestricht. 3. The great Organ at Bois-le-Duc. 4. Breda. 5. View in the Minster, Roermond. 6. Old Gate at Bergen-op-Zoom.

IN THE SOUTH OF HOLLAND.

eral remarkably fine brasses and well-carved stalls. The font is of brass gilt, and is a most elegant example of early Dutch Renaissance work. This beautiful church is in a sad state of neglect. The nave alone is used for the purposes of worship, and when our artist saw it the transepts were converted into a drying-room for the clergyman and his family; a line of "washing" about 180 feet long extended from end to end.

Bois-le-Duc, or, as the Dutch call it, Hertogenbosch, or Bosch, has had the distinction of adding a new word to the English language—the word "bosh," signifying rubbish. Hertogenbosch is celebrated as manufacturing the very worst butter in all Europe, which is largely imported by the London butter-men, and the term "Bosch butter" came by degrees to be applied to all artificial butter, and even to rubbish of other kinds. Bosch is a fine town of about 35,000 inhabitants, with wide streets, and the most magnificent cathedral in all Holland.

Dutch Limburg is a province isolated from the rest of Holland, and cut up into three distinct portions. The principal towns are Venloo, Roermond, or Ruremonde, and Maestricht. Roermond is an interesting old town with gabled houses, a large cathedral dedicated to St. CHRISTOPHER, of the very plainest Gothic architecture, and a beautiful Romanesque church called the Minster, containing a finely carved Gothic altarpiece, and a monument to GERHARD III., Duke of Nassau. The town is surrounded with ancient walls and towers.

Maestricht is a very striking-looking town, full of churches and ancient buildings, with a very picturesque bridge crossing the Meuse; the town is rather German than Dutch in general character. Its chief objects of interest are the old cathedral, with its splendid porch and five towers, and the ancient Church of Notre Dame. Maestricht possesses probably more desecrated churches than any town of its size in Europe. Our artist counted fifteen or sixteen of these ill-used buildings. One serves as a café, another as a stable, a third as a work-house; the beautiful old Dominican church is a kind of storehouse for municipal decorations, etc.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

GOSSIP.

A MAN with two bankers is certainly in a noble condition, since he must needs possess two balances; but a man with two lawyers is not generally in better plight than a man with one, and is perhaps still less to be envied than one with none at all. As to two doctors, I am not so sure of the comparative advantage of the situation, though it undoubtedly enables one to follow the best advice—that of the physician who recommends the more liberal diet. What certainly detracts from the charm of the last two positions (for with regard to the bankers, alas, I have no experience) is, however, this fact, that No. 1 solicitor and No. 1 doctor each objects to the employment of No. 2. And with this fact Sir Peter Fibbert, as a man of the world and a man of business, was well acquainted. He knew things in general, in a rough material way, and did not shut his ears to anything, not even to gossip, with which latter we may be quite sure that a man in his position, who showed himself eager for it, found plenty of people to supply him withal. So well, however, had the secret of Dr. Bell's visit to Oak Lodge been kept that, until Frank Farrer informed him of the fact, Sir Peter was not aware of it. On the next occasion of his meeting Dr. Dixon, which happened on the average about twice a day—for the stout little doctor attended the families of all the Stokeville magnates, and his hard-worked but speedy horses clattered over its paved streets from morn till eve—he stopped that gentleman's brougham for a few minutes' talk.

"Well, Dixon, how goes it? Trade as brisk as ever? Cough, catarrh, consumption, in full blow, eh?"

"Yes, Sir Peter, thanks to you and your great chimneys, there is a considerable difficulty in breathing."

"Ah!" Sir Peter was fonder of his own wit than that of his neighbors, and especially of that of his humbler neighbors, but the doctor, though comparatively poor in purse, was rich in humor, and of an independent spirit.

"It's something worse than smoke that ails my old friend at Oak Lodge, I reckon. What is your last report of him?"

The doctor, who was a kindly man when not brushed the wrong way, shook his head gravely. "He's bad, Sir Peter, bad. I see a change for the worse every time I call. I fear he is not long for this world."

"No, I fear not; yet there is no occasion for him to hurry out of it, which he has taken steps to do, I hear."

"I don't understand you."

"Why, has he not sent for another doctor? But you may not have heard of it. Perhaps I am indiscreet."

"You should say rather misinformed," said the other, coldly, but turning very red.

"Oh no; I am quite certain of my information. Mr. Lyster has had an opinion from London. I know the man, a Dr. Bell. It seems to me so strange that he should have gone so far afield, or, indeed, elsewhere at all, being already in such safe and competent hands."

Sir Peter had hit the doctor on a tender spot. If he had had time to consult his dignity, he would have scorned to give any explanation; but, for the moment, dignity—a delicate creature, and unable to bear the spectacle of wounded *amour propre*—had fled.

"Your informant, Sir Peter, may have been right in his facts, but he is quite wrong in his deductions. Dr. Bell was sent for from London, but only, as I happen to know from his own communications, in his official capacity as consulting physician to an insurance office."

"Oh! then Lyster wanted to insure his life, did he?" said Sir Peter, eagerly. "Would you mind telling me in confidence," here he dropped his voice, "what was the sum?"

"I really can not," said the doctor. "The fact is, that as I have not yet made my fortune, I am compelled to mind my own business."

The glass was up, the check-string pulled, and the brougham half a dozen yards away, before Sir Peter could understand that he had been insulted.

He had some of the attributes of the elephant, but not all; he could push through most things, and indeed had done it, but he couldn't pick up the pin. He was altogether wanting in delicacy of touch, and when he trod upon people was quite surprised that he hurt them. It was as though, having trodden them flat, he looked at them edgeways, when, of course, there was nothing to see. But in this case he had, as it were, set his foot on a spike. However, the fact that Mr. Lyster was trying to insure his life, when almost at death's door, was very important information to him.

He walked on till he came to Mr. Oldcastle's, where he looked in. The lawyer was his man of business—a tall sleek personage with gold eyeglasses and a hesitating manner, which was of great use to him, as it gave him time to think before speaking.

"You have heard this news about poor Lyster, of course," said Sir Peter, as if his motto, instead of *in medio*, had been *in medias res*.

"Good heavens! what? You don't mean to say he's gone?"

"No, no; not so bad as that. But, gad, he seems to have been making preparations. This attempt to insure his life at the eleventh hour—between ourselves, it's rather significant. Think of the premium he would have to pay!"

"I suppose it must have been—dear me, yes—pretty considerable."

"You suppose? Come, Oldcastle, you must know."

"Indeed, Sir Peter, I know nothing about it."

"I feared so—I feared so. The fact is, he has been employing another man of business. I call that rough on you, Oldcastle. I should never think of doing that myself."

"You are very kind to say so, Sir Peter, very. But Mr. Lyster is his own master, and does things—well, in his own way."

"Just so; he's deuced secretive, as you say. You've made his will, I conclude?"

"Why, yes"—Mr. Oldcastle took off his glasses and rubbed them softly—"I think I may say that much; but a will, you see, is rather a confidential thing."

"No doubt. I am speaking to you in confidence."

"Just so; you may depend upon me. I never reveal anything that passes between me and a client."

This rejoinder was far from welcome to Sir Peter, for it took the wind out of his sails.

"But the insurance, Mr. Oldcastle, don't you think it a sign of something wrong—a deficit? I don't mean in his accounts, man"—for Mr. Oldcastle had put his glasses on again, and was staring through them at his visitor in amazement—"but as being significant of empty pockets. Now I think, as a partner, and, as you say, in confidence, I have a right to inquire."

"No doubt, no doubt. I wish I was in a position to oblige you. Perhaps the other lawyer you spoke of—"

"You mean there would be a mention of the life-insurance in the second will, though there was none in the first."

"Just so."

This was all Sir Peter wanted; he had transposed Dr. Bell into a lawyer, as he flattered himself, with complete success. As the doctor had no existence in that capacity, he felt confident that there was no second will, and therefore that Mr. Lyster's application to the insurance office had been unsuccessful.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Oldcastle had given him no information whatever. He had been able to say that he knew nothing of the premium, but of the amount which Mr. Lyster had endeavored to insure for, he was fully cognizant, and the reason why was plain to him also, though, wrapped in his own selfish speculations, it had never occurred to Sir Peter.

"I suppose it is egotism," mused the attorney, when his visitor had departed, "which makes that man so dull. He is a curious example of what a small degree of intelligence is required to make a large fortune. I am inclined to think that it is rather the absence of certain attributes than the possession of others that insures that sort of success. Sir Peter would never have made much of a mark in our profession, that I will say for it. I never saw a man lie with less ingenuity or a worse grace. The idea of his not being able to put two and two together as regards Lyster's wish to insure his life! 'Is it not significant,' he said, 'of a deficit?' and yet the old fool is Lyster's own partner, and has the deed of agreement in his strong-box. Of course if Lyster couldn't get it done, and if, as seems probable, the poor fellow can't last, why then, of course, things may be serious. Empty pockets! Well, it may be so. Lyster is as close as wax, but that he speculates is certain; I wonder who has aroused Sir Peter's suspicions, for it is clear he has suspicions. If he is right, all will depend upon Lyster's being what Percy would call 'a good stayer.' I wonder, by-the-bye, whether Sir Peter suspects his nephew as having anything to do with *that* line of business? Bless my soul, how I could open his eyes!" And Mr. Oldcastle smiled complacently and serenely, as though he were the God of Secrets, as indeed your family solicitor *is*. He knows, on the whole, a good deal about us; and the family doctor knows something too; and yet, in spite of the general opinion to the contrary, and of the famous dictum of the Greek philosopher, I am inclined to think we know more about ourselves than either. What thoughts, what eager hopes, what shameful fears, were, for example, agitating the minds of young and old, in our present life drama, undreamed of by their fellow-creatures, and unknown—nay, least known of all—to their nearest and dearest!

Fortified in his resolve by Mr. Oldcastle's corroboration of his suspicions, Sir Peter took an early opportunity of giving a piece of his mind to his nephew concerning his engagement, with the result of which we are already acquainted.

On the morning after his interview with Clare, he was summoned, as he expected, to Sir Peter's sanctum. This young man had had the night to think over his position, and had not wasted his time. He had a genius for plots and stratagems, and thoroughly despised the mental qualifications of his opponent, with whose weak points he was perfectly familiar. His present rôle was to be aggrieved but submissive; and every feature of his handsome face, as he stood before his uncle, was in accordance with the part he meant to play, and illustrated it.

"Well, sir, and what did Clare say?"

"Very little, Sir Peter. She is not one to talk much, as you know. But I am afraid she feels that she is being very hardly used."

"But she has given you up. That is the main point," was the unsympathetic rejoinder.

"By no means, Sir Peter; she holds me to my bargain."

"What! after you told her that I had altered my views?"

"I hinted that, of course, but had the greatest difficulty in making it clear to her. Sir Peter, she said, is a man of honor. It is impossible that one of his character, a benefactor of his species, and who stands on such a moral elevation, should break his word."

"I never passed my word," said Sir Peter, turning the color of beet-root.

"Not actually, but of course it was implied. To her you seemed to be acting on it. 'What is his reason?' she inquired—a question, as you may guess, very difficult to answer. I could not say, 'It is because he doesn't think your father is so well off as he once believed him to be.' You did not authorize me yourself to go to that length."

"Well, of course not; but you are sharp enough when it suits your purpose; you could have made use of some delicate phrase to signify the same thing. If you make a fool of yourself with that girl, sir, you'll live to repent it."

"I told her that next to her—to whom I had pledged myself—my duty was owed to you; that my future, so far as means were concerned, was in fact in your hands. She suggested, however—and though you deplore her determination, I am sure you will admire her spirit—that we should have plenty to live upon without you."

"The devil she did!" exclaimed Sir Peter. "Then let her live on water and a crust, with love to butter it."

"Pardon me, Sir Peter; so far from entertaining any such views, her reply proves that she at least is quite unconscious of any change in her father's circumstances. If she were, it is quite possible, nay, probable, that her pride (of which you admit she has plenty) would at once induce her to set me free. No, my proposition—subject to your better judgment—is as follows: Let no further steps be taken in this matter till Mr. Lyster's death, an event which can not be far off. We shall then know for certain how his affairs stand. If all is well with them, the matter can proceed; but if otherwise, you can, with some show of justice, make appeal to Clare's independence of spirit. As for me, I have obeyed your wishes to the letter, and I venture to think that no further sacrifice of self-respect should be demanded of me."

"Well, well, perhaps your plan is as good as any. It is not as if you were going to be married to-morrow. We shall probably know what we are about in a week or two. At all events, before the end of the year."

"In that case it will make a great difference," observed Percy, significantly.

"No doubt; a very great difference."

"Let us hope for the best," said Percy.

The hackneyed phrase was uttered in the cold, conventional tone that suited it, yet Sir Peter looked up with a quick flush. "What the devil do you mean, sir? Do you suppose I want the man to die?"

"Of course not, sir. I was alluding to his survival."

Sir Peter cast a suspicious, almost a baleful, glance at his nephew. "I am glad that was your meaning. It would be a great misfortune to us, let me tell you, if through any immediate catastrophe Lyster's money should be just now withdrawn from the firm, when we are extending our operations in so many ways."

"No doubt," returned Percy, assentingly.

Yet curiously enough the same idea was now passing through the young man's mind that lately occurred to Mr. Oldcastle, namely, that Sir Peter did not lie well, with the additional reflection that if he (Percy) had had to simulate regretful apprehension, he would have done it better.

"There is one thing I would suggest, uncle, in connection with this matter: that Mildred's visits to Oak Lodge should not be unnecessarily frequent, since in case anything should happen to necessitate—that is, to induce—Clare to dissolve our engagement, the matter would be all the more difficult and embarrassing in proportion to the intimacy between the two families."

"To be sure, that is worth thinking of," said Sir Peter, approvingly. "And it's no use her going, for she can worm nothing out of her young friend. You'd better tell her yourself what we think about it."

Percy's face grew crimson, as it seemed to his companion, and might well seem, with shame.

"No, sir, to that I can not stoop. I have humiliated myself enough to please you."

"Tut! tut! To please me? Not a bit of it! it is all to benefit yourself. You will be ready enough, ay, and glad of an excuse, to be quit of the girl if she's not worth having. However, if you're squeamish about the matter, I'll speak to Milly myself. To do her justice, she has no more wish to be allied, however indirectly, with pauperism, than I have. And I'll take deuced good care we're not allied with it, so you had best not play me any tricks."

The last observation, delivered as it was with an unmistakable scowl of suspicion, was a most unpleasant one, and, though Percy only replied to it by a smile of gentle astonishment, disturbed that young gentleman very much. Up to that point everything had gone, quite literally, as a marriage bell, but here was a sad jangling. It took the gilt off his bright expectations very considerably.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.

WHEN our Dutch forefathers laid out the streets of New Amsterdam, they had no idea of the coming greatness of the city. Their streets, with few exceptions, were mere paths; Broad Street was wide because there was an inlet running up from the river; in giving Broadway eighty feet they thought it a waste of land; Pearl Street was a cow path along the water side; and Maiden Lane was a rustic road for washer-women, who spread their clothes to dry on the grassy slopes of the *Vlie*, or valley. Many years ago, particularly after the great fire of 1835, the principal down-town streets were widened at much cost, but they are still too narrow. In the neighborhood of great warehouses there is a jam of trucks and wagons from morning till night. There are blockades everywhere, and consequently delay and vexation. Now and then the police straighten out a snarl, but another tangle immediately follows. There are penalties for obstructing the streets and sidewalks, but it seems impossible to enforce them. Boxes and barrels encumber the walks; the police warn the owners, and if the obstructions remain, they report the matter to the Corporation Attorney.

Since the introduction of street cars, the evil has grown to vast magnitude. Cars run through Church Street, which, though very narrow, has become an important wholesale quarter. Cars are stopped, irate passengers delayed, trucks are locked together, and long waits are inevitable. It is little better in the cross streets in that part of the city; indeed, from Canal Street to the Battery, during business hours, there is an almost unbroken jam. Then there are obstructions everywhere that might be avoided. Builders are allowed one-third of a street, but often take two-thirds; unused wagons stand in the street in spite of law; boxes and barrels of garbage wait the uncertain movements of the scavenger; peddlers of all manner of things are in the way; old women with baskets sit on the curb-stone; large stands occupy the most crowded corners; store-keepers are permitted to take up half the sidewalk to show their wares; hand-carts and wagons of peddlers increase the annoyance.

When builders work on opposite sides, they practically close up the street, as has been the case at Nassau and Beekman all summer, the former street being almost impassable. Then, besides the paving, pipe-laying, and sewer building and repairing done by the city, there is the invasion of the electric-light companies, some laying wires in pipes under the street, and some

adding to the obstruction already caused by putting up more huge poles.

Around the main shipping points along the rivers the crowd is inevitable, for goods must be forwarded; and in the afternoon, when steamboats are about to leave, there is great uproar and confusion. In the vicinity of the markets there is endless annoyance and obstruction, particularly now while Fulton Market is being rebuilt. The average market man or woman seems to own the whole sidewalk, and citizens must crowd along as they can through fresh fish, stale meats, fruit, and other nuisances, running the gauntlet of stages and other vehicles in South Street, thankful if they reach the ferry gates with unbroken limbs.

Telegraph poles are a serious obstruction; the wires should be under the sidewalks or the pavements. Awning posts are still common, though against the law, while the displaying of goods exceeds all reasonable bounds. No effort is made to enforce the ordinances for the abatement of street obstructions. Three thousand complaints have been made since last spring, but none of them have been prosecuted. Of course, with such practical immunity, the evil will increase. One suggestion for the relief of the wholesale districts is to stop all surface cars at Canal Street; but as the roads have charters which amount to contracts, perhaps that can not be done. Another idea forces itself upon attention, and that is the consolidation of the surface and elevated roads, so as to do away with surface cars altogether, except for cross-town travel. More than a thousand surface cars that now occupy the streets could be taken off, and nearly all travel would be overhead and unimpeded. But that would require more elevated or underground roads.

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.*

To one who has visited the Scandinavian peninsula, this new book by Mr. PAUL DU CHAILLU is like a second visit to a well-known scene. It brings vividly before the eye once more the bold mountains, the deep valleys, the clear lakes, the winding fiords, the lonely forests, and the countless cascades—one of them the highest in Europe—which render the Northland so wildly grand. Nor does it omit to recall to memory more cultivated scenes, the sylvan landscapes that border each firth and lake and river, the quaint farm-houses, and their simple and brave inhabitants. Mr. DU CHAILLU'S book will prove a necessary accompaniment to every one who travels in Sweden and Norway. It gives an immense amount of varied information respecting manners, customs, antiquities, history, and ethnology, and it is written in the author's picturesque yet simple style.

As befits its title, the book takes us at once to the far North, where from the end of May to the end of June the sun shines day and night, the stars are never seen, and the pale moon sheds no light. By the middle of August, however, the air becomes chilly, twilight comes once more, the stars re-appear, and finally the sun sinks from sight. Then the moon in her turn becomes queen of the heavens, and the aurora borealis sends its waving streamers of gorgeous colors high up toward the zenith. After two interviews with that most amiable gentleman the late "good King CARL," Mr. DU CHAILLU left Stockholm, "the Venice of the North," by the steamer for Haparanda, the most northerly town in Sweden. The American traveller was welcomed by all classes with true Northern hospitality. They tried to dissuade him from attempting to cross to the Polar Sea. "Go as far as the high-road, and come back," was their counsel. "No," was the reply; "I want to go to the North Cape." The country traversed is inhabited by Finns, who cultivate the soil, while Lapps roam over it with their herds of reindeer. The mosquitoes were a terrible pest. "I never met such immense swarms before, even in New Jersey." The arctic circle—where for one day only, June 22, the sun does not set—was soon crossed. The brilliancy of the orb varies with the moisture of the atmosphere. One day it is of a deep red color, tinging the landscape with a roseate hue; on another, it glows and fades and glows again like charcoal; while at other times it has a pale whitish appearance. "At midnight there seems to be a pause," Mr. DU CHAILLU writes. "For a few minutes the glow of sunset mingles with that of sunrise." But soon the light becomes more brilliant, and often before an hour has elapsed is too dazzling to be looked at. From Muoniovaara the author ascended the Palojaki, a small river running nearly due north—a route which had never been taken by any Swede or Norwegian—till he reached Lake Palojäros, where the slope down to the Arctic Ocean begins. The little river, which had to be descended, leads by a series of rapids into the Alten, a shelter well known to English sportsmen. At Bosekop, the head of the Alten Fiord, Mr. DU CHAILLU found that fame entails duties. There, in 70° north latitude, he was called upon to lecture on Equatorial Africa, for his book has been translated into Norwegian.

From Bosekop a steamer sails for Hammerfest, and thence to Mageröe, the most northern land in Europe, which is separated from the mainland by a deep channel. There, on the 20th of July, the traveller stood on the extreme point of the North Cape, 980 feet above the sea-level, where, as far as the eye could reach, extended the deep blue Arctic Sea. From the Norwegian coast Mr. DU CHAILLU crossed again to Laleå, in Sweden. He journeyed through very wild scenery, past the towering peak of Sulitelene and its enormous glacier. He was now among the Lapps, and as he thinks it worth mention that "the women's faces had been washed," we see how true is HEINE'S line, "Im Norden sind schmützige Leute." He paid another visit to these last remnants of a race which has receded before the Aryan, in the winter, and learned to walk on snow-shoes and to drive reindeer. Interesting as the Lapps may be to students of ethnology, they must not detain us from our Norwegian journey and our Norse kinsfolk. On the coast the great features are the fiords. The Sogne Fiord is without a rival in size, grandeur, bold outlines, and sombre landscape, while to the north of it rises the immense glaciers of Justedals-Brae. On the various branch fiords stand quiet farm-houses, surrounded by fields and meadows, with the sea for their only highway. It is needless to say that at every house the traveller was royally entertained. Many families have children and kinsfolk here. "The Norwegians are kindly treated in America," was a remark made by one of his hosts. As Mr. DU CHAILLU floated past these seaside farms, he would hear, "Americaner, I have a son, I have a daughter, in America. Do you know them?" One would say, "My son lives in Minnesota"; "My daughter is in Iowa," shouted another; a third, "I have three children in Wisconsin"; and all grasped his hand with a nervousness which told the intensity of their feeling. "Americaner, come to our farm; you shall be welcome. When you return, you may go and see them, and tell them you have seen the old folks at home."

Some of the relics from the later iron age are quite Aztec in their types, although clearly contemporary with the galley of the Viking age found in Christiania Fiord in 1880. Mr. DU CHAILLU'S descriptions of Norse life are very charming; he takes us to the home of the *bonde* or yeoman, with his rough exterior and kindly heart, his pensiveness and quietness. There is no country in Europe where the rites of hospitality are more sacred than in Scandinavia, and the priest's house, or *Præster gaarde*, especially welcomes the stranger guest; and the traveller is made an honored participator in their joys and sorrows. Costume, of course, varies in the various districts; that of Söterdal is very peculiar, more like that in which the boys are clad in *Sandford and Merton* than the garb of grown men. A nearly similar dress is found in the Thelemark, where the tall, well-built, and intelligent people are the most characteristic types of the Norse race. In the Thelemark is one of the finest of water-falls, the Reeking Force (Rjukan Fors). The men of the Thelemark reminded the traveller of the Dalecarlsaas of Sweden, an equally primitive people, equally tenacious of their old customs and their old dress. The land there is very much divided, so that a portion inherited is often so small as not to be worth having; but no men have a prouder bearing and a more independent spirit than these thrifty peasants. The people of Orsa are the handsomest—the men tall, strong, and active; the girls with clear, fair, and fresh complexion, and fine teeth, which they keep white—we regret to hear—by chewing gum. In fact, chewing gum seems an institution, and a young lady who wishes to be very polite offers you a bite at the piece she withdraws from her ivory molars.

The contrast between the two kingdoms which call OSCAR II. King is striking. In Norway everything is bolder and more majestic, but Sweden presents scenes of rural beauty, especially on her Baltic coasts. To the traveller Norway will be always the more attractive. With the exception of Dalecarlin and some other northern provinces, Sweden has nothing to compare with the homely dignity and the grand simplicity of Norwegian life. She may show proud castles and noble courts, but Norway can boast of men with pedigrees of equal antiquity who are content to till their own soil, as their fathers have done before them. THORD PAULSEN in Tofte can trace his descent from HAROLD the Fair-haired. His father entertained King OSCAR I. while on his way from Christiania to Trondhjem to be crowned. The King and his host had a table to themselves; the royal suite ate at another. "This table," said the descendant of the Haarfager, "is only for those of royal blood." THORD lived like a patriarch, without the slightest pretension in his manner or conversation. On his estate were two houses, one dating from 1651. Such men offer their guests ale in silver tankards that hold half a gallon, and can display wooden drinking vessels five hundred years old, and made in the shape of a coffee-pot lined with silver hoops.

A considerable portion of the second volume of the *Land of the Midnight Sun* is devoted to the Lapps, and gives some very interesting particulars respecting them and their reindeer. These animals in the winter dig with their fore-feet through more than four feet of snow to reach the moss on which they feed. The men, with few exceptions, have broad and short faces with prominent cheeks, the chin is very short, the nose flat between the eyes, sharp, and *retroussé*, the hair is usually a reddish dark brown. The skin of the body is really very white, but exposure to the cold winds of winter and the heat of summer, combined with a hereditary aversion to soap and water, have created the impression that they are a dark-skinned people. The height of the men is about five feet. Some of the women look fresh and blooming when young, but soon become old in appearance. The old women, with their long uncombed hair hanging over their shoulders, their unwashed faces, and the entire absence of any desire to please, are among the most hideous specimens of humanity. Among the younger Lapps it is frequently difficult to distinguish a boy from a girl when the head-dresses are off. The Laplanders may be divided into the Nomad Lapps, who wander with their reindeer from pasture to pasture, the Sea Lapps, the Forest Lapps, the River Lapps, and the Fisher Lapps. In Norway and Sweden some control is exercised over them, and many become farmers. Karasjok, one great Lapp centre, consists of twenty farms and one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants. Mr. DU CHAILLU remarked that the farther northward he travelled, the more healthy seemed the people, and the larger the families, fifteen or eighteen children not being uncommon.

Even in the wilds of this inhospitable country Mr. DU CHAILLU met a family that had relatives here. He came to a Lapp encampment, very like in the engraving to an Indian tepee, and the Lapp housewife said, "I have a sister in America." He thought there was some mistake. "Yes," said she again, "I have a sister in Chicago." Mr. DU CHAILLU, in compliance with her wishes, on his return called on her sister. "No one," he writes, "would ever think her to be a Lapp; her comely dress, her black eyes, dark hair, and high cheek-bones did not show it." Many others of this semi-Mongolian race have emigrated to America, and have become rich.

The Land of the Midnight Sun will find many readers, and will make them, we hope, love the land which sent forth the mighty men of valor who sailed up to the walls of Paris, and founded a kingdom in England, and dukedoms in France and Italy. *A furore Normannorum libera nos, Domine*, was the prayer of the Paris breviary. Again, after an obscurity of centuries, the genius of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS made Sweden the deciding power in Europe, and her soldiers the first in the world. The present Scandinavians have not lost the energy or the virtue of their forefathers, and a day may come when Scandinavia will again hold the balance of power in a struggle between tyranny and liberty, and when her word may decide the victory. The old saga land listens still to the sagas, the old spirit is only sleeping an enchanted sleep in the Northern forests.

* *The Land of the Midnight Sun.* Summer and Winter Journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, Author of "Explorations in Equatorial Africa," "A Journey to Ashango Land," etc., with Map and 235 Illustrations. Two volumes, 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE Shah of Persia has written in his diary of European travel that an Englishman who disobeys a policeman is instantly put to death. That leaves him but little margin for the still more startling entry he will feel like making after he has visited New York.

The artist who is announced as having "gone West to paint the Rocky Mountains" will need a big brush.

Germany now has a system of subterranean telegraph cable connecting two hundred and twenty-one towns. It has been completed recently at an outlay of about seven million dollars. Above-ground wires in the open country are advantageous to the management of the lines, and to the small proportion of the public relying upon them for efficient service; but in a large city like New York the unsightly posts and webs of wires constantly offend the taste of every resident. These unsightly objects have been increasing very rapidly of late. The above-ground electric-light wires have at length attracted the attention of the Fire Department authorities, because of the peril to firemen working on buildings along which these wires, charged with electricity in fatal quantities, are stretched.

Americans of German birth or descent who may have thought that the French guests at the Yorktown celebration received more attention than those from Germany can find, perhaps, some satisfaction in the announcement that one of the waiters at the banquet given in Washington to the visiting Germans on their return from Yorktown was a member of the committee that received the French visitors in the same city a week earlier.

An ex-Chief Magistrate of the Pitcairn Island colony is visiting in San Francisco. He is Russel McCoy, a descendant of one of the mutineers of the ship *Bounty* who took possession of the island nearly a century ago. Only three names of the mutineers are now held by inhabitants of the island. Mr. McCoy reports that the island is the abode of virtue and morality. No intoxicating liquor is drunk there, and crime is almost unknown. In the three years of his magistracy only two or three trifling disputes came before him for settlement. There are a Protestant Episcopal church and a school on the island.

In Bavaria a private in the army applied to the balky horse of an officer the epithet, "You villainous beast," and was sentenced to three days' imprisonment for "unbecoming behavior toward an officer's horse."

The report of an oration over the body of a deceased Mormon bishop says that the speaker "closed by invoking blessings upon those who had been bereaved of a kind husband"—words which have a queer sound to Gentile ears.

German scientists have discovered through experiment that the electric light is healthier than other methods of illumination, since it leaves the air purer, and that some colors—red, green, blue, and yellow especially—are shown more distinctly by it than by daylight. Experiments by German scientists are not necessary to prove that the electric light has a great advantage over kerosene in not being adapted to the kindling of fires in kitchen stoves by servant-girls, and this consideration goes far toward establishing its superiority from a sanitary point of view. It also has an advantage over gas in the same respect, since hotel lodgers from remote rural districts can not blow it out on retiring.

A person evidently given to hasty generalization writes that a man can not be an orator unless he has something to say. He should drop into a ward political gathering called to ratify an Assembly nomination.

In the course of his hunting tour in the Northwest, Lord Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, stood up in a flannel shirt, coarse trousers, and hob-nailed shoes, while a British colonel in full dress read to him an address of welcome.

A committee of thirteen residents of Boston will in the course of the next ninety days canvass that city with the view of learning whether five million dollars can be raised to help pay the expenses of a World's Fair there in 1885. This committee was appointed at a meeting of citizens, and will report to such a meeting. Since the project of holding the fair was first brought before the Boston public, shortly after the plan for a World's Fair at New York in 1883 was abandoned, the people of the American Athens have balanced the cost of the enterprise against the natural advantages of Boston—including the east wind and the unoccupied flat lands—and are not now disposed to act hastily. Managers of the railroads converging at the Hub are unable to see how, without large expenditure for increasing their facilities, they can attend to more business than they already have. Hotel proprietors announce themselves in the same happy predicament. Only one newspaper favors the project. It has been urged as a reason for postponement that the forth-coming inventions in electricity bid fair to so revolutionize the world's machinery that in twenty years any display that could be made now would be looked back upon as a curiosity shop of out-of-date contrivances. In view of the lingering death of the New York World's Fair project, it is said in Boston that the scheme "will be either launched with full assurance of success, or throttled publicly."

THE HON. HORACE RUSSELL.

JUDGE HORACE RUSSELL, of the Superior Court of the county of New York, was appointed by Governor CORNELL on October 27 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge CHARLES F. SANFORD. Judge RUSSELL served in this position for a few months last year, his term expiring on January 1 last. During that time he won golden opinions for his clear opinions and fairness as presiding Judge. Many important causes were tried before him, notably the case of STORRS *v.* FLINT, which was reported at length in the last volume of the Superior Court Reports.

Judge RUSSELL begins his second term in the Superior Court with such a reputation of fairness and justice that members of the Bar will regard the appointment as a real addition to the Bench.

A GAME OF FOOT-BALL—A "SCRUMMAGE" AT THE

AT THE CLOSE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 746.]

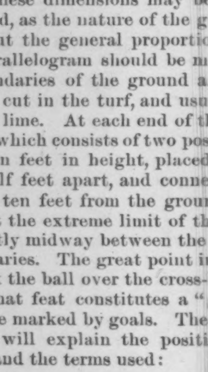
FOOT-BALL.

FOOT-BALL as now played in most American colleges was introduced by Harvard College, and is known as the Rugby game. At least it was formerly known by that name, but the colleges now forming the Foot-ball Association have made many modifications in the game as first played, and are constantly making more. The modifications are mostly technical, and have little interest to any but foot-ball players. Before 1875, foot-ball was played but little here, and that little in a slipshod and unscientific manner. As played it was perhaps more emphatically *foot*-ball than now, for the rules did not permit a player to touch the ball with his hands under any circumstances, nor to catch or hold another player. Kicking was the great thing, and it was not always the ball that was kicked, by any means. Shins suffered severely in every well-contested match, and the players often wore pads on their legs, like cricket-players. Twenty men played on a side, and there was a decided element of brute force characterizing the game.

In the fall of 1875, Harvard went to New Haven, and showed the Yale boys how foot-ball should be played according to Rugby rules. It was a valuable if not a pleasant lesson to the Yale team. They knew little about the game; they had no uniform; they were rather afraid of their opponents. Harvard's fifteen were gorgeous in crimson caps, Jerseys, and stockings, and their white Knickerbockers were immaculate. They were agile, athletic youths, and played the new game well. It differed principally from the old game in that there were five men less on a side, the ball could be caught and carried, and the players could catch each other. It was a fine sight to see the fleet striplings in crimson catch the big ball, tuck it under their arms, and dart swiftly down the field, dodging the bewildered boys of Yale, and thus securing touch-down after touch-down, and goal after goal. Yale played grimly but vainly, and was overwhelmingly beaten.

But her men took the lesson to heart. After the Harvard men went home, flushed with victory, Yale's boys began a careful study of the new rules, practiced assiduously, and in the fall of 1876 donned their new suits of blue, and beat their old instructors out of hand. In that year Princeton also adopted the new rules. But the Yale men claimed that fifteen men on a side were too many for a scientific game; and in 1878 the three colleges formed a Foot-ball Association, and the number of players on each side was limited to eleven.

A foot-ball ground should be a well-sodded level space, 330 feet long and 160 feet wide. These dimensions may be enlarged or reduced, as the nature of the grounds requires, but the general proportions of the great parallelogram should be maintained. The boundaries of the ground are defined by a line cut in the turf, and usually made white by lime. At each end of the ground is a goal, which consists of two posts exceeding eleven feet in height, placed eighteen and a half feet apart, and connected by a cross-bar ten feet from the ground. Each goal is at the extreme limit of the ground, and exactly midway between the side lines or boundaries. The great point in foot-ball is to kick the ball over the cross-bar of the goal. That feat constitutes a "goal," and games are marked by goals. The following diagram will explain the position of the ground, and the terms used:



The space inclosed by the four lines is the field of play. A A A A are the goal lines, T T T T the touch lines, P P P P the goal posts, and the corners marked B B B B are called "touch in goal." When a ball is driven outside of the boundaries, and a player, putting his hand upon it, touches it to the ground and stops it, that constitutes a touch-down. But these touch-downs differ widely in their character. A touch-down on either of the side lines—the touch lines—results in the ball being brought in to play again from the spot where it went out of the field, or it may be placed on the line, and thus put in play. When the ball is touched down on the goal line, that is a different thing. If Princeton and Yale are playing, and Yale touches the ball down on Princeton's goal line, that gives Yale the privilege of bringing the ball into the field at right angles with the spot on the goal line where it is touched down, and then trying to kick it over the goal—an effort that is often successful among good players. But suppose that Princeton touches the ball down on her own goal line, that is a "touch-down for safety," and means that Yale is crowding her, and forces this action. The ball is then brought into the field, and kicked toward Yale's goal.

Recently there was a convention of the foot-ball players of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia colleges at Springfield, Massachusetts, when some important changes and modifications were made in the rules. The two most important were, first, that should the two three-quarters of an hour—the regular time of the game—result in a tie, ten minutes after the end of the second inning two fifteen-minute innings shall be played, subject to the same rules and conditions as the three-quarters, excepting that there shall be only five minutes intermission. The game shall be decided by the score of even innings. Second, and most important, is the following: "A side that shall have four or more safety touch-downs less than their opponents shall win the game, in case nothing else is scored." Most of the changes are calculated to make a "block" game almost impossible.

But it would be impossible in an article of this length to give the rules of the game, and make them intelligible to the non-foot-ball-playing public. The best way, perhaps, to give the reader an idea of the game is to describe a match as it might be played between Princeton and Yale.

The day is bright, and not too cool. Long before the game is called, coaches bearing the blue of Yale, the orange and black of Princeton, and crowded with the friends and under-graduates of these colleges, arrive at the grounds. Pedestrians come in throngs, and not a few young women, who are proud to sport the colors of the *alma mater* of their brothers, cousins, and sweethearts. From the goal posts flutter blue and orange and black penons. There is much color everywhere—the green of the sward, the gay dresses of the maidens, the college colors on hats and whips and canes and in button-holes; and, to add to it, the rival teams appear. Yale's men wear skull-caps of blue, Jerseys of blue, Knickerbockers of white, stockings of blue, and white canvas shoes. They look lusty and strong. Princeton men wear a garb in shape like the Yale men's; but where Yale is blue, Princeton sports orange and black in stripes. The captains toss up for choice of goal, and "kick off." Yale wins, and chooses the western goal. There is a brisk west wind blowing, and this determines the choice, for Princeton will have to work the big light ball against this wind, which in turn will help the boys in blue materially. Then a referee is chosen, and the men get in position for the coming struggle. Near the centre of the field stand the "rushers"—slim, active fellows, whose special duty it is to follow the ball, catch it, run with it, and thus take it toward their opponents' goal. Princeton allows herself seven rushers, and Yale places six in the line; but Princeton has but one "half-back," and her opponent two. Each has two "backs." The backs stand near the goals. They are the cool men, heavy fellows, whose business it is to bear the brunt of battle when the ball is driven dangerously near their goal.

Game is called, and a Yale man, taking the ball in his hands, standing in the centre of the field, with a vigorous kick sends it spinning down toward Princeton's goal. The game has begun. There is a rush toward the ball as it comes down, and a Princeton rusher catching it, starts to run toward Yale's goal. He dodges successfully one after another of the blue rushers, but at length a big fellow catches him by the neck and whirls him off his feet. As he falls, he tosses the ball backward to one of his fellows who has followed him closely. Here is seen an important rule. The ball must never be thrown forward toward the opponents' goal. It may be thrown backward to one of your own players. The Princeton man catches the ball, and in an instant is on his way toward the Yale goal. But his career is short. He is tackled and thrown, the ball under him. Half a dozen men pile upon him. From out of the heap at length the ball rolls, and is kicked by a Yale man back toward the Princeton goal. But the "wasps" stop it. A rusher carries it back, by skillful running, and then, seeing an opportunity, he tries a kick for goal. The ball rises in the air and sails toward the Yale goal, but the wind veers it, and instead of going over, it goes to one side. When it strikes the ground, a Yale "back" is there, and touches it down for safety. Princeton's rocket cheer from the hundreds of spectators show that she has the best of the fight. The ball is taken into the field and again kicked toward Princeton's goal. The Yale men this time follow up the ball, and by dint of a good kick by one, a good run by another, and a weak spot in Princeton's defense, a Yale man succeeds in carrying the ball to Princeton's goal line, and touching it down. Then a player in blue walks out with the ball. He is nearly in front of the goal, the wind favors him, and when he kicks, the ball rises gracefully between the goal posts and over the cross-bar, and Yale has won a goal, amid the deafening cheers of "Rah! rah! rah!" from her friends.

The ball is taken back into the field, and the game starts again as at first. In a moment the ball rolls beyond the touch line of one of the sides. A Princeton man touches it down. It is near the corner marked B on the diagram, and if the Princeton men can succeed in working it to the goal line, they may get a touch-down. The ball is placed on the touch line, and the two sides gather around it. The Princeton player snaps it back between his legs, another New Jersey boy catches it, and starts to run. He is tackled by the watchful Yale players, and then the rushers of both sides dash together. Princeton tries to force the ball to the goal line. Yale tries to prevent this. The result is a "scrummage," and such a scene as is depicted in our double-page illustration. While the struggle is going on, and before it is decided, the referee calls "time." The game has been going on forty-five minutes, and forty-five minutes constitutes an inning.

After a rest of fifteen minutes, play is resumed. But now, according to the rules, the sides change goals, and Princeton has the advantage of the wind. Both sides play their best, Yale to retain the advantage of the goal she has gained, Princeton to at least get a goal and make a tie. The ball goes into the air, is caught by a "yellow-leg," who rushes with it. He is caught, and falls heavily to the earth. Half a dozen men fall over him, and the ball is by this time in the hands of a Yale man. First one side has the advantage, then the other, until a Princeton man, rushing well down toward Yale's goal, kicks the ball as he runs, and it goes over the goal. Then the rocket cheers that go up are vociferous indeed. There are but fifteen minutes more to play, and the spectators, pressing against the ropes that surround the ground, yell encouragement to the players. No need; each man is doing his best. Blue-jackets and yellow-legs tackle each other, rush over each other, and possibly in the excitement kick each other's shins. The ball goes back and forth, but not over the goals, and "time" is again called, and the result is a tie game. Had either side but kicked one more goal, that would have meant victory.

There seems to be but one objection to foot-ball—it requires too much exertion. It is really dangerous. Even when played upon soft turf, there is danger to the players. Men get kicked in the face; thrown violently; backs are wrenched, ankles sprained, and sometimes legs broken. But when, as not infrequently happens, match games are played upon frozen or snow-covered ground, then the game becomes a much too dangerous pastime. But it is a game that will always be popular, for it requires skill and pluck and nerve, and exhibitions of these excellent virtues are always popular.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A WILD-DUCK CHASE.

THE twilight was now in that interesting stage, with the last blush of day fading out of the heavens, when the mystery of the moor is grandest, the whisper of tremulous love most thrilling, and the quack of the wild-duck most ecstatic. For this is the moment when that noble bird, after sleeping the day out on a breezy pool, or among the deep sedges of a lonely water-course, with slow flaps and stretches gets out of his bed, and draws up his red feet tingling. Then he opens the valves of his nostrils, and utters a little sharp snort to his family; with a few strong beats he is up and away, along the crystal bars of light, and the sprinkle of his rise falls far behind. The flush of his start has set all the others off, and the silvery sound of wings flows back as the cleft air closes, and the dusk is left behind.

But he, with velocity of instinct guiding all his race to health and food, himself the head of the rapid arrow, high above the ups and downs of earth, urges his powerful pinions, strains his long neck through the whistling air, and sleeks all the plumage of his breast with speed, until in the stagnant scene below him he espies the little place he wants to be in—either a malty-looking barley stubble, or an oasis of fat green ooze, or the glistening gem of a lonely pond chastely enamelled with fat black slugs. Here he descends, as the stars begin to blink; makes the circuit once, with his family behind him, all peering for the hateful human race; then spying none of that, flop they breast the water, ploughing up less of it than could be expected, but flinging it largely behind them as they dash helter-skelter through the cataract of their own rapture.

This was the man whom Rose had seen afar following the seam down the hill front; and now he stood gazing at the dusky pool, begirt with peaty swamp and sedge, which the little moorland rills had made. There were his victims, far out of reach, and not to be pelted to the other side with stones, even if stones had been at hand; neither was there any wind to drive them ashore. He doubted for a moment whether he should leave them so, and come in the morning with a dog to fetch them out. But his home was some miles away, and he determined at any rate to have a try for it. "Dare say it ain't so very deep after all," he muttered to himself, contemptuously. "I'll pull off my togs and go in for 'em."

Raiment was not very plentiful with him, so he carefully laid what would spoil upon a rock; then he drew the stout ramrod from his gun to prove the depth before him, and stepped in bravely. At first the swamp was shallow, scarcely taking him knee-deep; and beginning to laugh at his own misgivings, he waded with his ramrod swinging. Then suddenly down he went, over head and ears, not in clear water, but in black quagmire, floundering and flapping like a fly in beer and treacle. His mouth was filled with sludge, and his eyes dabbed up with slough-crust, and his arms could scarcely move among the clog and clam they battled with. The harder he fought, the worse he fared; he could not even tell what way to strike for; everything turned black above him, and his breath went into gurgles.

But just as he was disappearing softly, with only his gray hair left behind, a stout crook of ground-ash came into his woollen shirt, and his body was hauled out. John Westcombe, on his way to fetch the pony, had heard the gunshot and seen the distant flash, and set off as hard as his legs would go to catch the poacher on his father's beat. He knew the spot well, for it was the very one to which he had followed another flight of ducks when he parted from the General on the moor, and he was just in time to rush into the swamp, and keeping on the brink of peat, haul out the poor fellow at his latest gasp. Strong as he was, and self-possessed, Jack had as much as he could do to fetch out his burden through the inky slush, and then through the tangle of the swampy margin, without drowning him, if indeed that still remained to do. But the young man, as soon as he got a firm grasp, lifted his load, and the black slime from it trickled among the light green of water-grass. "You must do your very best to breathe," said Jack, who had never read directions to revive drowned persons. "Let me wash the dirt off first, and then you won't have to swallow it. You will get on very nicely if you don't think about it. I heard him breathe! Now try again, sir, and you shall have a doctor if you go on well."

The poor man could not even lift his chest against it, though the helpless droop of his neck showed plainly that he knew what he was threatened with. "Very well," said Jack, who was quick of observation, "if you will come round, you shall not have him. I will see to you myself, and I am not a doctor."

What sweeter speech can be made to any man whose spirit is hovering, just conscious of the horrors it may prefer to leave behind? Almost immediately this man drew breath, his nostrils quivered with consolation, and the numb little spring of his heart began to give a weak jog to go on again. Young Westcombe did to him exactly what he thought he himself would have wanted in the like condition, and by-and-by the man sat up and sneezed, and appeared to seek about for refreshment. "Spirits have I none," said Jack, "but if you could manage a little drop of old Madeira, diluted largely, or, to speak more plainly, mixed with good spring water—"

"Had too much water a'ready," said the man, "and Mydeary wine never goeth well with it."

"Then have it as it is," advised John Westcombe; and the man took his advice, and left a rueful hollow in the shooting-flask for Jack to go home upon, without a bit of dinner. "Let me get my togs on," said the man, looking up at him; "my legs feels as if they was somebody else's. I must go and have a wash first. You may trust me not to run away, sir."

"I never thought of your running away. Why should you want to run away, my friend? Do you suppose that I want to apprehend you?"

"Bah! I know well enough what you swells be," said the other, refusing Jack's hand to help him up, although his legs were shaking, and his teeth upon the chatter; "you come to nab me, and nab me you have; and a good job for me in one way. Think I don't know you, Squire Westcombe? But I won't make no resistance, sir, after what you done to me."

"I tell you, my friend, that you must be a fool if you think that I want to punish you. My father never makes a fuss about the wild-ducks. My father is the best man in all the world. And I quite agree with him in that. Why, even if I had caught you netting grouse or partridges, I should never take advantage of you in this condition. You shall not only go home as you please, but you shall take your ducks with you, if I can get them. You are a plucky fellow, and you deserve them; and I will not even ask you what your name is. Now get your clothes on, and finish up the wine, which you understand better than I do. If you had been worthy to be called a poacher, you would have known how to get those ducks out."

"Well, sir," said the man, as he went to wash and dress himself, "it is the first time I have tried it here. Though I never would have told you so if you had persecuted."

John Westcombe very easily obtained the wild-ducks by going round the pool and wading it from the opposite bank, where the ground was firm enough. Then he brought them back and gave them to the gunner, who expected to see him march off with them.

"You have done me a real good turn," he said, thinking more of this kindness, so far as could be judged, than of Westcombe's gallant act in saving him; "and very few now ever does me a good turn. If it lies in my power, sir—and I believe it do—you shall have a good return for it. Mean to tell me that you don't know who I be?"

"I give you my word," answered Jack, with a smile, "that you may be the man in the moon for all I know. Only I don't suppose he is such a good shot."

This compliment pleased the man almost as much as anything, and his surly manner, which had long been yielding, gave way altogether now, as he spoke with a sad deep tone:

"I'll tell you who I am, Squire Westcombe, then. My name is 'Gruff Howell,' they call me, and I keep the old inn by the mines, 'the Raven.' I have often seen you pass, sir, both on horseback and afoot, and the moor-men told me who you was. Happen to be a dinner party ordered to our house next Friday, of some sharp blades, not too partiklar how their victuals come, so long as they be good. They made a great cue about ducks; there must be two ducks to each end of the table, and Captain Larks's marrowfats to go with them. Well, sir, we put up the ducks with barley meal, and settled the very day to stick them, when down came old Reynard and his vixen from the Tor, with a starving lot of little ones waiting for them, and away goes our four fat ducks in a winking. I heard a tremendous quack-quack in the night, and out of bed I jumped with this here gun; but I might as well have fired at the moon, or the comet. So I made up my mind to get some wild-ducks instead; for they would set the house on fire if I crossed them; and the valleys led me on till I got here."

"You must have got a capital gun," said Jack, "to kill these five ducks so clean at forty yards. It is more than any gun of ours would do."

"I picked her up in Spain, sir; she is of Spanish make. She will put a shot through a slate at fifty yards, sir, and that is more than any English gun will do."

"But when were you in Spain? You are shivering, you are cold. You have been in the tropics, I dare say, too. You are still wet underneath. If you stand about like this, the night air from the hills will pretty nearly make an end of you. Come along; stir up; I will help you homeward."

Gruff Howell was getting very stiff by this time, as a man of threescore years and ten deserved to be, after going through so much of long walking, and waiting with his eyes upon the stretch, and then falling into mire, and being dragged out, and put to dry by moonlight. "Sir, you are wonderfully good," he said; "but I can get home well enough, or sleep in a furze-bush this fine weather. In the old days I have had many a worse bed, and got up sprightly in the morning. I have been through more than ever you could have stood, sir, strong as you are, but not brought up to it."

"I dare say. But you are not very young now; and I have often heard my father say that men who have been in hot climates long are upset altogether by the night air on these hills. I shall see you on your road till I am sure that you are safe. How far is it to 'the Raven'? I should say, at a guess, at least five miles."

"Better than that, sir, and all rough walking. But the moon is good, and I know my way. You have got many miles to go home to-night, and you are wet to the skin, and young men gets consumption. Not another step shall you come with me—as if I was an old woman gone astray. And to tell you the truth, 'twould do me more harm than good, and stop me from doing any good to you. There is a pair of sharp eyes a-spying on me always. But I would like dearly to have a talk with you, and might be important to you to hear it. When could you make it handiest to meet me somewhere? Somewhere out upon the moor, I mean."

"Any day, and any time you like," Jack answered. "To-morrow, if it suits you; or perhaps the day after. I want to go to Tavistock to-morrow."

"Well, sir, let me think. To-day is Wednesday. Friday my dinner is to be, or supper, or whatever they may call it. Would Saturday suit you to meet me somewhere?"

"Yes, as well as any day; or best of all, I might say, because I am coming toward you that day for a quiet little bit of shooting. I am coming all alone, and will call upon you, if you like, at your own place, 'the Raven.' Or, if you like it better, I will meet you somewhere."

"It would never do for you to come near our house, sir, or at least not to stop there for any time of talk. But you know the Island Rocks, of course. Would your shooting bring you round that way about three or four o'clock on Saturday?"

"Yes, I might easily manage it so. I am very fond of that wild place. There are widgeon or teal there very often. But it is a long way from your house. Bring your Spanish cannon, Howell?"

"That I will, sir, with your leave; for I might want her for self-defense. It is a long way from our place surely, but so much the better for that, to my thinking. The men as comes to our place now, if they was to see me talking to you, would take me by the scruff of the neck and pitch me down the old mine shaft at road end. But the crest of the hill is no place for talking. Good-by, sir, till Saturday."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN PAUL.

He was doubtless a tramp. His worn and dusty dress, his crushed felt hat, his dirty shoes, and the checkered muslin shirt, tied at the neck with a bit of rusty black ribbon, and the little bundle borne on his shoulder from the end of a stout stick, told the story plainly. Added to this was the beard of a week's growth, except the mustache, which had not been touched by a razor. He was rather a gay and good-looking fellow for all that, with a keen eye, an open countenance, and a well-knit figure, and he strode along as though he felt that the wandering idler was really the king of other men, and tramping a superior art.

Presently he threw down his stick and bundle, and made a leap in the road, just in time to stop a runaway horse, with the long reins flapping about his feet, and the wagon behind him swaying from side to side. The occupants of the wagon, a couple as old-fashioned as the carry-all in which they sat, had been frantically crying to the horse to stop, and now that some one had stopped him, were profuse in their thanks.

"Bob is not vicious," said the man, whose language and dress showed him to belong to the Society of Friends, "but two geese flew across the road, and before I knew it he had jerked the reins out of my hands and started on a run. I'm obliged to thee, for if thee hadn't caught him, he might have spilled us over the high bank below there."

The tramp nodded, and turned to go, when the woman spoke.

"Friend," she said, "thee has split thy coat up the back."

"Have I?" returned the tramp, feeling for the rent. "So I have. I must get it mended somewhere."

"As thee did it helping us—" said the man, putting his hand in his pocket.

"I bar that," said the tramp, raising his hand, and showing with his laugh a set of white teeth. "I don't take money for stopping horses; but I thank you for your intention."

"I tell thee what to do, friend— I don't know thy name," said the woman.

The tramp smiled again, and said, "You may call me John Paul, if you choose."

"Well, friend Paul, does thee see that white house among the trees, off from the road back yonder? Thee go there, and say to Rachel—that's our niece—that her uncle and aunt, Mahlon and Naomi Stacy, sent thee, and ask her to sew thy coat for thee. She'll make it passable at least."

"Thank you, ma'am; I'll do so."

The tramp removed his battered felt hat, made a bow rather more courtly than might have been expected, and the parties pursued their several ways.

A brisk two minutes' walk brought John Paul to the lane leading from the road to the Stacy farm-house. Down this lane he turned, and when half way in it, heard a woman scream. The next minute a pretty young girl, with her hair flying over her shoulders, ran out of the house, pursued by a great, burly, rough fellow, who stopped when he saw the other tramp coming. The girl kept on, but when she observed the new-comer, stopped also, in doubt whether it was not a confederate.

"Anything wrong?" inquired John Paul.

"That—that man!" gasped the girl.

There be tramps, and tramps. The one to whom Paul advanced was of the baser order, brawny, whiskey-sodden, and brutal.

"What do you mean by frightening this young lady?"

"Take it easy, pard," rejoined the big tramp, grinning. "The gal give me a lunch, an' I wanted to sweeten the victuals with a kiss. There's no bones broke."

John Paul's face reddened. He took off his coat and threw it on the palings of the lane fence.

"Now," said he, quietly, "you'll leave."

"When I git good an' ready," answered the other, insolently.

"No, sir—now."

"Ha! ha! Suppose you spell able. Do you see that?" and he thrust his fist under the nose of the younger man.

It was dashed aside suddenly, and the right hand of John Paul fell with full force between the eyes of the tramp, who fell, doubled in a heap. He was up in an instant, to go down again by another facer. Picking himself up, he made a rush with both arms extended toward his opponent. It was impossible to parry this, and it was not attempted. Paul stepped suddenly aside, and before his antagonist could recover himself, caught him on the throat with his right arm, and suddenly bending him over his own extended knee, threw the great mass of flesh to the ground with a force that made quite an audible sound. The ruffian lay there for a minute or so motionless.

"Thee hasn't killed him?" timidly inquired the girl.

"No, miss," said John Paul, "but I've given his backbone a jar that makes him sick of fighting. Come, sir, get up," he added, as the man began to stir; "pick yourself up and go, or I'll give you more of it, and worse."

"I'm goin'," said the other, rising slowly, and rubbing his back—"I'm goin', boss. But I say, you ain't a man; you're a steam-ingine, you are."

As soon as the fellow had dragged himself out of sight, John Paul took his coat, and finding on inquiry that the girl's name was Rachel, gave her the message of her aunt. He followed her, at her request, to the house, where he seated himself on the back veranda, while Rachel, coat in hand, disappeared in the kitchen.

In a few minutes she came out. "There is thy coat, friend, as good as new: it was only ripped in the seam, not torn, and— Oh dear! There is that vexatious Crumple in the garden again!"

Paul looked, and saw that a cow had got into an inclosure not meant for browsing ground, and volunteered to get her out. It did not prove an easy job, however; and by the time he had managed to overcome her dodges and manœuvres, and finally got the brute safely into the barn-yard, he saw the farmer and his wife drive in, and knew from her manner that Rachel was telling them all about the fight. As he came forward to reclaim his mended coat, Mahlon Stacy met him with a beaming countenance.

"Thee has placed me under obligation again, friend Paul," he said. "I hear thee was obliged to resort to force. It is against the principles of Friends, but since thee had to do it, I'm glad to learn thee did it well. A big man too, for I think the one we met with blood on his face was the one thee dealt with."

"There was no trouble in handling him, sir. The matter is not worth speaking of. I am only too glad to have been of service to the young lady." With these words he moved off.

"Stay, friend," cried the farmer. "If thee won't have compensation for thy service, thee'll at least grant us another favor, and take supper with us."

The young man hesitated, but glancing at the women, said, "I—I am not in a fit condition for the table; I—"

"If that's all," eagerly rejoined Mahlon, "we can arrange that. Come with me." And the young man was speedily ushered into a chamber, where his host gave him shaving materials, and left him, to hear more definite particulars about the encounter, in which, like many men of peaceful habits, he took a deep interest.

At the supper table, John Paul, in evading minute inquiry, let them know that he lived in New York when at home, and gave them some account of the metropolis, of which they had heard, but never seen, and did it in a plain and lucid way that showed he kept his eyes open during his tramping.

After supper Mahlon Stacy and John Paul sat on the veranda while the women-folk were clearing the table, and the former, after two or three preliminary hems, spoke his mind.

"Thee was looking for work, perhaps, friend?"

"No, I can't say that I was."

"Thee would take a job if thee could get one, maybe?"

"That depends on what it is."

"Can thee mow?"

A smile broke over the young man's face. "Not very well," he said. "I did learn how to swing a scythe once—when I—when I was on a farm for a month in the hay season; but I'm not an expert mower."

"That might come by practice," rejoined the farmer. "You see, my man was obliged to leave me before the hay is all made—and when I met thee I was going after some one to take his place, and did not succeed. Thee might be of help if thee would, and I would give thee fair wages."

"Well, sir, it is new business for me; but I'll do the best I can for you till you can do better; and as for the wages, we'll not differ on that."

"Then thee'll stay here, and we'll tackle the south field to-morrow," exclaimed the farmer, joyously. "Naomi, thee'll get a room ready for friend Paul. He's going to help with the hay."

So John took service with Mahlon Stacy, or, as he put it to himself that night, "I'm hired to Rachel's uncle," and he laughed at the same time as though it were the funniest thing possible.

The hay-making was over in three days, but John, as they all called him now, remained. He evidently knew very little about farming, but took teaching kindly. He developed a great knowledge of horses, their needs and wants, and altogether Mahlon was satisfied with his raw hand. The fourth day it rained so that out-door work was stopped. The farmer and John sat in the kitchen, the farmer in a rather down-cast mood. John watched Rachel's motions for some time, as she moved about gracefully, and then took a book which lay upon the shelf, and began reading. Mahlon smiled grimly.

"If thee likes to read," he said, "there is *No Cross, No Crown*, and Barclay's *Apology* in the sitting-room. That is a foolish book of poetry that Rachel delights in. But it can do no one any good. It is funny in parts, though."

It was Hood's Poems. "Some of this is by no means funny," said John, "the 'Bridge of Sighs,' for instance."

"I don't remember. Will thee read it out?"

John read the poem, and in a way that no one there had heard—read it with feeling and force.

"Thee reads remarkably well, John," said Mahlon.

"Poor creature!" said Naomi. She referred to the heroine, and not to John.

Rachel said nothing, but her eyes were full of tears.

On Saturday John got two hours' leave of absence, and returned with a bundle, which he carried to his room. The next day he came down to breakfast in a new light suit. Mahlon made no comments, but after breakfast asked John if he would go with them to Friends' meeting, or to some other place of worship, or would stay at home. "We go to meeting, of course; but Rachel's father was 'Piscopal, and Rachel goes there. Then there's the Methodists and Presbyterians."

"I shall go to the Episcopal church," said John.

"Ah! Well, we drop Rachel at the cross-road always, and thee can get out there."

So John walked from the getting-out place to the church, which was a missionary chapel, where the rector of an adjoining parish gave a service every alternate Sunday. There were few attendants, and the coming of a fine-looking young man made a sensation. When service was over, however, and they all came out, some one whispered that the new-comer was "Mahlon Stacy's hired man," and the sensation died out.

Absalom Browning was waiting in his buggy.

"Shall I drive thee home, Rachel?" he asked.

"Thank thee, no, Absalom. I came in the carry-all with uncle and aunt, and they'll stop for me at the corner."

Absalom walked alongside, however, leading his horse and talking to Rachel, and John fell behind. When they came to the corner, Mahlon and his wife were already there, and Absalom renewed his request. Rachel made no demur, for Naomi said it

"HE WAS DOUBTLESS A TRAMP."

would relieve their horse with one less in. John smiled to himself. The aunt favored the courting.

The summer months came and went. Absalom Browning came and went once a week, and sometimes twice, and John Paul remained on the farm. He grew to be a favorite, and his activity and physical strength, with his great good-nature, made him popular with the young men around. Absalom did not like him, however. With Rachel he got along famously. She had been his friend from the first, never forgetting his opportune championship. Then he read so beautifully, and was full of tales of adventure, for, according to his own account, he had travelled a great deal. In his wanderings he had picked up a deal of knowledge too, as leaked out bit by bit, and he bade fair to make a good farmer, so the farmer liked him too. But Mahlon, whose spirits had been getting lower and lower, at length grew quite gloomy, and his gloom was shared by his wife, and even infected Rachel.

The cause of this trouble John Paul learned one day from the talkative clerk at the store where the Stacys dealt, and with it he got some of the family history. It appeared that Rachel Taylor, the younger sister of Mahlon's wife, had eloped and married with Gordon Forsyth, a gay and wealthy young gentleman from New York, who had accidentally met and fallen in love with her. Rachel had been "disowned" for marrying "out of meeting," but worse followed. Forsyth, who was on the downward course, soon got tired of his pretty wife, resumed his dissipation, and was drowned while drunk two years afterward, leaving his widow with a one-year-old child. Rachel Forsyth did not long survive her husband, who proved to have been at his death bankrupt. He had managed to get Mahlon Stacy, who believed in him, to become bondsman in a case involving, it afterward turned out, a questionable transaction. Mahlon paid the judgment, but was obliged to mortgage the farm, which had been in the Stacy family for four generations. He adopted the little Rachel, sent her to the West Town school to be educated, and bit by bit accumulated money sufficient to discharge the mortgage. The bank in which he kept his savings broke, and he not only lost his store, but was unable to meet the interest for a year. The mortgage was in other hands—a rich New-Yorker held it—and proceedings to foreclose had been begun. If Rachel married Absalom Browning, who was rich himself and a rich man's son, there would be no difficulty. "They say that Rachel hangs back," concluded the clerk. "I raythey guess she'll give in at last. That's the way Mahlon 'll pull through, in my judgment."

John came home after hearing all this, and found Absalom Browning there. The young Quaker was got up quite smartly—in plain clothes, to be sure, but his shad-bellied coat was of the finest olive-colored broadcloth, and his broad-brimmed hat of the very best beaver. He remained to supper, and was treated with marked consideration by the farmer and his wife. Rachel seemed to be a little embarrassed. John glanced at her a little curiously, but she avoided his eye. The hired man went out after he had eaten his supper, attended to the horses and cattle, and, this done, came into the house. It was usual for the family to sit together for an hour or two after supper before retiring to rest. It was their main recreation from daily labor. But the old couple had retired, and John retired also, leaving the younger couple together.

John sat at the window in the dark, looking out on the night, and thinking. In a little while Absalom Browning left, and he heard the wheels of his wagon driven after the fashion of Jehu, the son of Nimshi. Then he heard the light step of Rachel on the stairs on her way to rest.

The next morning John went out early to see to the horses and cattle. When he returned to breakfast he observed that Mahlon was curt and monosyllabic of speech, Naomi gloomy, and Rachel distressed. John ate his meal silently, and then went to the field with Mahlon. But he soon made an excuse to return to the house. Rachel was alone there, seated with her face buried in her hands, and so intent on her thoughts that she did not hear him come in.

"What is the trouble, Rachel?" he asked.

The girl started up, and the blood rushed to her face, but she made no reply.

"Is it to be a wedding?" he continued.

"John Paul, thee's—thee's—"

"Or did you send Absalom B. about his business last night?"

"'THEE HASN'T KILLED HIM?' TIMIDLY INQUIRED THE GIRL."

"What is that to thee, John? Uncle is displeased with me, aunt is sorry, and now thee must— What is it to thee whether I have or not?"

"Rachel," said he, taking her trembling hand, and retaining it in spite of her effort to withdraw it, "it is everything to me, for I love you dearly."

The eyes of the girl filled with a sudden light. "Thee! thee love—*me!*"

John read the answer to his question before he put it, and drew the sobbing Rachel to his breast.

How long they stood there neither could tell, but at the sound of Mahlon Stacy's heavy step on the veranda, Rachel made her escape.

"What keeps thee in the house, John?" inquired the farmer, entering the room. "We have work to get through with."

"Let that pass for a moment, Mr. Stacy. I have something to say. Who holds now the mortgage on the farm?"

"Why does thee ask?"

"From no idle curiosity. What is his name, and where does he live?"

"His name is Frobisher, and he lives in New York. It is his lawyer, Woodford, who has the business in hand."

"Woodford! Not Charles Woodford? So! In that case, make yourself perfectly easy. I can arrange all that for you."

"Is thee serious, John Paul? Does thee think Frobisher would do it for *thee?*"

"Why not? He never refused me anything I wanted yet, from the time we went to the same school."

"Thee must be out of thy mind, John. This Frobisher, they say, is worth a million of dollars. Does thee expect to influence *him?* If I didn't know thy habits, I should say thee'd been drinking."

"The man you speak of is worth more than you say, in estate, but he'll give you all the time you need. Let me see. This is nearly eight. The mail closes at ten. I have time to write a letter, hitch up, and get to the post-office in good time. You'll have an answer by to-morrow evening;" and without farther words he went out, harnessed the horse, and drove to the village, leaving Stacy staring in amazement. When he came back, the farmer was still in the house, with Naomi and Rachel, discussing John's freak. During that day and next morning Mahlon would glance at John at times with an expression made up of hope, and suspicion of John's sanity.

At noon next day John quietly hitched up the horse again, and without asking leave, drove off, with a re-assuring smile to Rachel's inquiring looks as he went. This was hours before the mail was due, and John had on his Sunday clothes too. He did not get back until supper-time, and then handed a letter to Mahlon, in presence of the rest. It was postmarked "New York," and the farmer opened it with trembling hands.

"John," said he, after he had read it, and handed it to Naomi, "thee made no vain boast. Woodford says I can have all the time I want. Thee has done me great service. I only wish I knew how I could repay thee."

"Perhaps you can," said John, smiling, and taking Rachel by the hand. "Suppose you let me take care of this young lady in future?"

"Why, Rachel!" cried Mahlon, in astonishment. "Does thee and John—"

But Rachel's answer was not distinctly audible, her face being so close to John Paul's waistcoat.

"Has thee thought about means to support a wife?" inquired Naomi, with a last flutter of expiring loyalty to Absalom Browning.

"There need be no trouble on that score," returned John. "But I have a confession to make. I have in some measure deceived you. When you asked my name, I just said—John Paul."

"And has thee been using a name to which thee has no right?" demanded Naomi, severely.

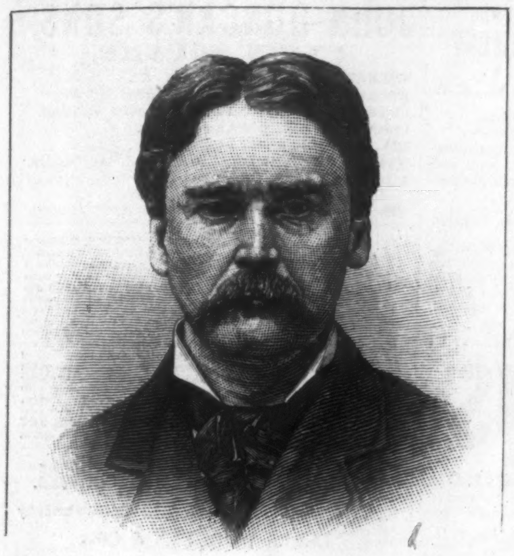
"I have a right to that name, but there is more of it. I am John Paul Frobisher."

"Frobisher!" exclaimed Mahlon, as a light broke in on him. "Then thee is—"

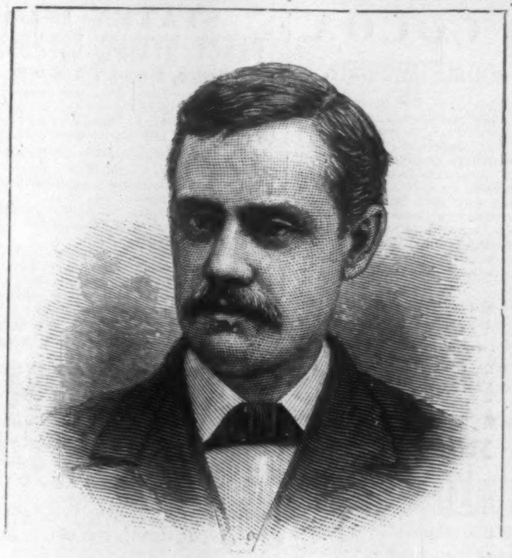
"I am, or rather was, the holder of your mortgage. I say was"—drawing a paper from his breast pocket and handing it to Naomi. "I have been to West Chester, and made an assignment to your wife. I hope she'll be a lenient creditor to you, Mahlon. You see, I had been taking a pedestrian tramp for health and amusement, and you came across me just as I had run sufficiently to seed in the journey, and was about to take the cars for home. This face of Rachel's attracted me, and she's the captive of my bow and spear, anyhow. I won her by fair fight," said he, laughing.

They all sat down to supper. The farmer said his customary grace with great unction—"For what we are to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful!" and John, whose hand had found that of Rachel somehow under the table-cloth, responded with a fervent "Amen!"

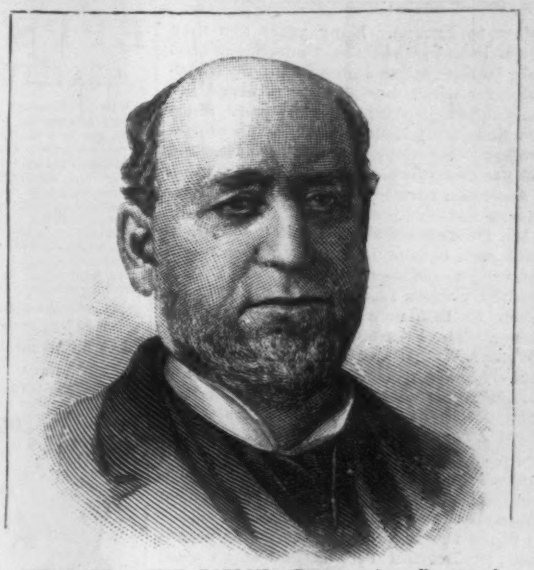
"SUPPOSE YOU LET ME TAKE CARE OF THIS YOUNG LADY IN FUTURE?"



HON. HORACE RUSSELL.—PHOTO. BY W. KLAUSER.—[SEE PAGE 743.]



FRANK HATTON, FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



THE LATE ALFRED DORLON.—[PHOTO. BY ALVA PEARSALL.]

JUDGE TYNER'S SUCCESSOR.

MR. FRANK HATTON, who succeeds Judge TYNER as First Assistant Postmaster-General, has rapidly sprung into prominence in Iowa politics and Western journalism, and has also attained to considerable influence in the party in other States. He is a young man, about thirty-six years of age, positive in his convictions, clear-headed, fertile in resources, and as a leader possessed of an unusual degree of tact and skill. Personally he is very genial and warm-hearted.

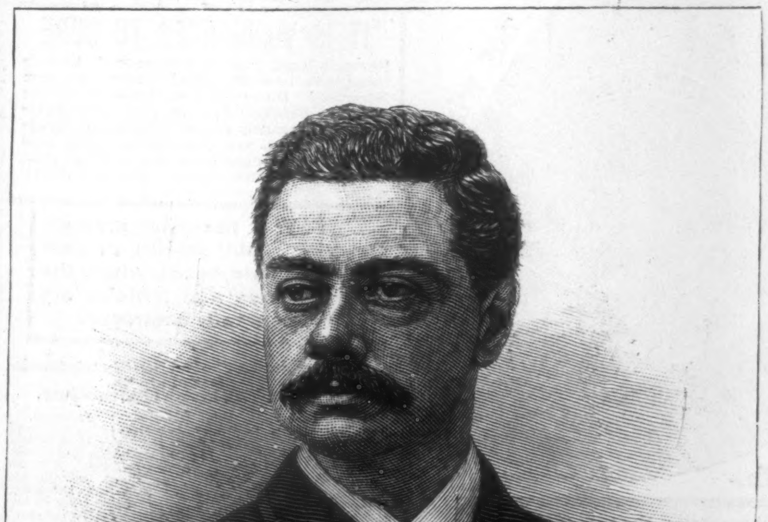
Born in Cadiz, Ohio, in 1845, Mr. HATTON learned the printer's trade in the office of his father, RICHARD HATTON, who published the Cadiz *Republican*. When the war came, he entered the army as a private, at the age of seventeen, and before he was twenty he was a Lieutenant. After the war, he served as local editor on his father's paper until the family, soon afterward, removed to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, where the elder HATTON bought and published the *Journal*, a leading weekly paper of the State. Young HATTON was local editor until the death of his father, when he became the editor, and joint proprietor. In 1874, Mr. HATTON bought a half interest in the Burlington *Daily Hawkeye*, and at a little later date became the sole proprietor and editor-in-chief, and quickly raised the paper to its present prominence in State and national politics.

Mr. HATTON is possessed of the intellectual vigor, practical business methods, progressive ideas, and attractive personal qualities that will give to the administration of the duties of the department to which he has been called every guarantee of success.

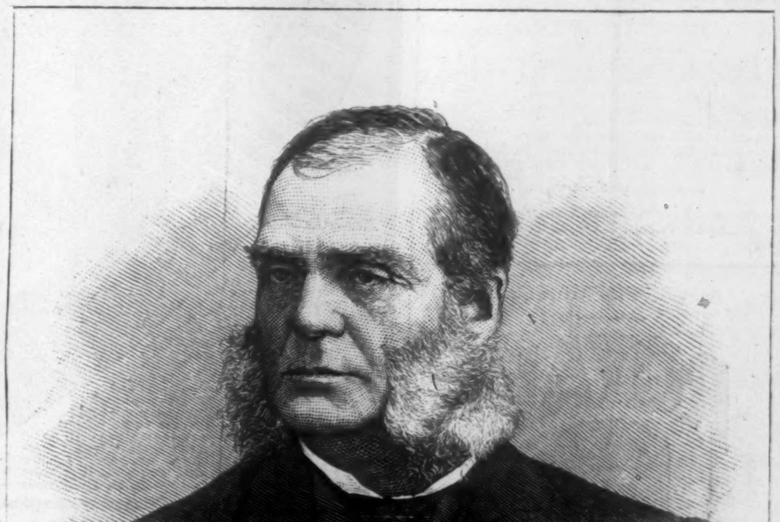
THE SCOFIELD VAULT—TEMPORARY RESTING-PLACE OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S REMAINS.—PHOTO. BY LIEBICH.—[SEE PAGE 750.]

THE LATE ALFRED DORLON.

THE cozy little resort in Fulton Market where Mr. ALFRED DORLON for many years provided for the taste of connoisseurs in oysters was perhaps better known throughout the city and country than any other establishment of a similar character. From his very school-days Mr. DORLON had been in the oyster business. Beginning as assistant to his father, who kept a small stand near Fulton Market, he soon invested his savings in a few bushels of oysters, and opened business on his own account, and considered himself fortunate if he succeeded in selling two or three bushels a day. But his business began to increase, and in a little while he was able to open a stall, furnished with a couple of tables. The fame of his "stews" and "fries" and "broils" soon spread through the city, and in a short time his accommodations proved to be too scanty for his custom. He then formed a partnership with his brother, PHILETUS DORLON, under the firm name of A. & P. DORLON, and opened the stand at No. 96 Fulton Market, where he remained until the time of his death. The Messrs. DORLON gradually added a wholesale business to their retail trade, and they were also among the first to export



MR. SETH LOW.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK E. PEARSALL.—[SEE PAGE 738.]



HON. CHARLES J. FOLGER, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 738.]

oysters to Europe. Many years ago they sent a barrel of the finest specimens that could be selected as a present to Queen VICTORIA, for which her Majesty returned her thanks through the British Minister. Since that time many thousands of barrels of oysters have been shipped annually to England and the Continent, to the great satisfaction of American travellers as well as of the natives.

Mr. DORLON's Fulton Market establishment soon became immensely popular, and obtained a world-wide celebrity. Distinguished visitors from abroad were always taken to DORLON's before they left our shores. The Prince of Wales, THACKERAY, DICKENS, WILKIE COLLINS, and hundreds of other famous foreigners have been entertained at his well-served tables; and it is related that at one time there was seated there a company of capitalists that represented in the aggregate one hundred millions of dollars. The establishment was a kind of gastronomic Mecca for pilgrims from all parts of the country.

When the Republican party was organized, Mr. DORLON became one of its most active members, and in 1857 he was elected an Alderman of Brooklyn on the Republican ticket. In 1873 he was again elected Alderman and Supervisor, and his friends always addressed him as Alderman. These were the only political offices which he ever filled, or to which he ever aspired, although frequently pressed by his friends to accept important municipal positions. He was a very charitable, generous, and upright man, highly esteemed by all who knew him. At the time of his death, on Tuesday evening, October 25, he had reached the sixty-fourth year of his age.

THE SCOFIELD VAULT.

ON the preceding page we give a picture of the exterior of the SCOFIELD vault in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio, where the remains of President GARFIELD have recently been laid, to await the completion of the tomb which is destined to be their permanent resting-place. Two years will probably elapse before the final removal. The bronze casket which now holds the remains is also shown, as it appeared in the public vault surrounded by wreaths and flowers.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN BILIOUS TROUBLES.
I HAVE used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in bilious troubles, and it did all that was desired. I think it a valuable remedy.
—[*Adv.*] Muncie, Ind. D. SCHAUB, M.D.

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For children thrive, and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named Victoria,
And with the boys, they have Castoria.
It is a fact, there is no "may be,"
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While sweet Castoria digests their food,
Gives them health and makes them good.—[*Adv.*]

GARFIELD and Family, Elegant Engraving, 19x24, sent for 24c. (stamps.) SHEEHY & Co., 33 Barclay St., N. Y. —[*Adv.*]

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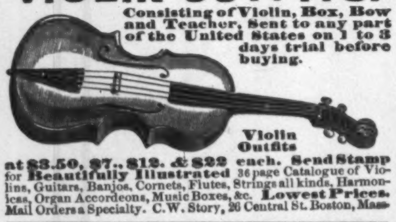
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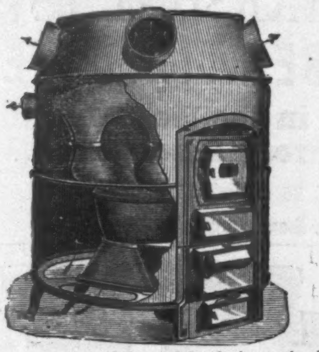

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